TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

AMERICA'S HOME AND FARM NEWSPAPER

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AIRMEN SPAN CONTINENT IN SINGLE FLIGHT

Army Fliers, Successful in Long Non-Stop Flight, Are Now Planning Trip Around World.

Twenty years ago at Kitty Hawk on North Carolina, some curious folk stood around a strange machine known as an airship and with one accord said:

"Huh! That thing will never leave the ground."

But it did. Under the guidance of Orville Wright, the contrivance rose and remained in the air for a few minutes groaning and creaking. Aviation in America had become a reality.

Nevertheless it still was said:

"Well, they'll never get anywhere with a contraption like that."

In a hangar at Rockwell field, on San Diego, Calif., is a lineal descendant of that "contraption." One day before it was in a hangar at Hempstead, New York, 2,625 miles away. It crossed the continent in the air, under its own power and without a stop, in 26 hours, 30 minutes and 48 2-5 seconds.

Another step in the progress of aviation has been accomplished.

Seven Records Already Held.

The men who flew the machine from New York are Lieutenants Oakley G. Kelly and John A. MacReady, who already held seven records for speed, duration of flight and weight taken into the air on a single airplane.

The men soon after landing began making plans to establish a new record for duration of flight. They also are considering a flight around the world.

The plane in which they flew to San Diego was that used in two previous attempts to cross the American continent without a stop, the first of which was halted by a fog which prevented them from finding their way through the mountain passes east of Los Angeles, and the second of which terminated through failure of their engine at Indianapolis last November.

Both attempts, however, resulted in record performances, for the aviators turned the first flight into an attempt for a record for sustained flight.

Up More Than 35 Hours.

They circled above San Diego and its environs for 35 hours, 18 minutes and 30 seconds, exceeding by more than nine hours the best previous mark. Official acceptance of that mark as an international record was withheld because of technicalities, though there was no question that the aviators had remained aloft for the time stated.

The second attempt also had its start from Rockwell Field. In it the fliers drove as far as Indianapolis, where they landed only after they had used everything available in the plane to keep their engine cool, even pouring into its radiator system the milk and coffee from their provisions to replace the water that had leaked out through cracks in the engine's cylinder jackets.

The aviators were given such a greeting on their arrival as comes to few men. San Diegans, one by nativity and the other by adoption, the city took them to her heart with unanimous acclaim. Although the big T-2 landed in the middle of the field, the crowd that gathered was so large and pressed so close to the aviators that by the time Major Henry A. Arnold, commandant of the field, arrived, he had to fight his way through.

Congratulations Pour In.

"You have accomplished the impossible," Major Arnold said in his enthusiasm and his words were echoed from every quarter of the country in telegrams, including one from President Harding which read:

"You have written a new chapter in the triumphs of American aviation."

Both the aviators were in good condition when they landed. Except for a few spatterings of oil from the Liberty engine that had brought them a greater distance than any persons have ever flown previously in one continuous flight, they were seemingly as fresh on landing as if they had taken only an hour's jaunt. They began telling newspapermen how they planned to try for new and more difficult records.

The story of the flight was told by the men who made it in a matter of fact way with first one and then the other putting in a sentence or a word to illuminate some point as they alternately carried on the description.

High Altitude Impossible.

"When we left New York," said Kelly, "we could not seem to get the full horsepower out of the Liberty engine. The hangars at Hempstead were missed by inches and we flew for more than 20 miles at an altitude of less than 400 feet.

"Over New Jersey the voltage regulator went out. That was heartbreaking, for unless we could repair it in flight, we would be forced to turn back. While I handled the control wheels MacReady took off

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Londoners Prove No End Honest

An unexpected revelation of honesty has been made as a sequence of the recent invasion of the Wembley stadium in England. The management has received by mail the admission fees of a number of persons who scrambled over the railings, thereby gaining a free view of the great football match between the Bolton Wanderers and the West Ham units. The writers explained in their letters that they did not intend to avoid payment but were compelled by the pressure of the crowd to climb the fences in order to escape being crushed to death.

Famous Author in U. S.

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

JOSEPH CONRAD, world renowned author, is in the United States for his first visit. Several hundred Poles welcomed the author when he arrived. Mr. Conrad was born in Poland but shipped as a seaman in an English vessel at the age of 15. He was the son of Jozef Korzeniowski, also a celebrated author.

GOMPERS BACKS WORLD TRIBUNAL

Federation of Labor Leader Approves Stand Taken by Harding.

Unqualified indorsement was given President Harding's world court stand by Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor who asked for "nonpartisan unity" in support of the proposal.

"With the proposal that the United States enter the international court of justice, I am in full accord," Mr. Gompers said. "That is an initial step that will inevitably lead to participation in all efforts to maintain peace between nations.

"Through the adjudication of issues between peoples and governments there will be developed standards of international morality that will disclose principles on which we can base wider organization of the field of international relations. With the present world organization of commerce and industry there must come not only world organization of economic agencies but also of political activities.

"The cornerstone in the political structure may well be the international court of justice. Action on the proposal is of paramount importance if we are to save our civilization. It transcends the issues of party politics and should have support irrespective of party affiliation.

"Those of us who believe in the whole League of Nations program will find in it an indication that the United States does not repudiate her international responsibility. Those of us who believe in the administration's pledge to assume that responsibility through some association of nations will find opportunity to manifest good faith.

"Nonpartisan unity in support of this proposal may again bring a message of hope to nations in dire need. Let us neglect no opportunity for progress."

Fig Trees Are Sown by Army Airplanes

The war department has found a new peace time use for its airplanes.

From Honolulu came a report of the sowing of fig trees over a large area of Hawaii from two army planes. Without the planes, the sowing would have involved much tedious work and considerable expense, but the army did the job from the air in three hours.

The trees will attain a diameter of 12 feet at the bottom with a shade area of 2,000 square feet. The tree from which the seeds were taken produced 10,000 pounds of fruit last year.

Joseph Conrad Arrives in U. S.

"Captain Conrad, duly delivered at New York in good order and condition. By David W. Bone, master, R. M. S. Tuscania, May Day, 1923."

That is the way Captain Bone, shipmaster and man of letters, recorded the coming to America of Joseph Conrad, one of the foremost authors writing in English.

The novelist arrived last week.

Although the first voyage of his sea life took him to the West Indies in 1875 in the old French sailing ship Mont Blanc, this was the first time he touched the main land of America.

Postoffice Closed When Coal Gives Out

Patrons at the Beaver, Pa., post office during the recent period of cold weather found the following sign posted on the stamp window:

"Office closed; no heat. Landlord at fault; no coal."

Patrons who rent lock-boxes were given access to the lobby but no other business was transacted during the day.

Under the terms of the government contract the owner of the building is required to supply heat, the postmaster says.

CLEVELAND RED IS CONVICTED

Ruthenberg Faces 10 Years in Prison and Fine of $5,000; Not Sentenced.

Charles E. Ruthenberg, Cleveland, is the first man convicted under the Michigan anti-syndicalism law. After deliberating four hours and 15 minutes the jury returned a verdict of guilty in his trial which resulted from the raid on the Communist party convention, near Bridgeman last August.

It was alleged his attendance involved criminal syndicalism through advocation of governmental reform by sabotage, force and violence.

Sentence will be pronounced June 4, Judge Charles White announced. Ruthenberg's attorneys having until then to prepare an appeal. The maximum penalty Ruthenberg faces is 10 years in prison, a $5,000 fine, or both.

His trial followed that of William Z. Foster of Chicago on the same charge. The Foster jury was dismissed after 35 hours' deliberation when it was hopelessly deadlocked. Attorneys said that Ruthenberg's conviction assures a retrial of Foster.

The jury's verdict increased Ruthenberg's convictions for radical activities to three. On a former conviction he served a sentence in the Ohio workhouse for obstructing the draft. He served 18 months in Sing Sing prison before he was released, pending retrial on conviction of having written the manifesto that divided the Socialist party.

Ruthenberg's defense was that he attended the Bridgeman convention for the sole purpose of presenting and advocating the adoption of a plan to legalize the Communist party, forming it into the Workers' party, of which he is executive secretary.

Ruthenberg is a native, born American of German Lutheran parents. About a dozen years ago he became interested in the Socialist movement and since has been that party's candidate for various public offices.

Sneeze Gas to End Asphyxiation, Belief

"Put sneeze gas in illuminating gas to detect leaks," is the suggestion of General Amos A. Fries, chief of the chemical warfare division of the army, as a means of ending accidental asphyxiation of persons from faulty or disconnected gas pipes.

PARIS REJECTS GERMAN OFFER OF REPARATIONS

Berlin Would Pay 30 Billion Gold Marks, but France Has Reasons for Spurning Plan.

The French cabinet unanimously decided last week that the German reparations proposals, offering 30,000,000,000 gold marks, is not acceptable to France. Such action had been anticipated.

French foreign office officials outlined four reasons why the German offer was unacceptable:

First—Because Germany intends to continue the passive resistance in the Ruhr.

Second—Germany demands evacuation of the Ruhr by the French and Belgians as a condition for acceptance of the proposal.

Third—There is no guarantee that Germany will succeed in raising an international loan to pay 20 billion gold marks in 1927.

Fourth—France is opposed to arbitration of the reparations issue by a committee of experts.

A few newspapers, notable Louis Loucheur's Petit Journal, and L'Oeuvre suggested that the German note will cause a division of opinion among the allies, leading perhaps to individual reparations agreements with Germany.

Represents Maximum.

The German reparations offer represents the maximum that Germany can pay, it was said by officials. Germany offers 30,000,000,000 gold marks, two-thirds of it payable when an international loan is negotiated, and it is proposed that an international commission be appointed to ascertain whether Germany shall pay the remaining 10,000,000,000 marks and if so, when.

Payments in kind (goods and various materials) is offered "in accordance with existing treaties." There are two agreements governing this matter, the Versailles treaty and the Weisbaden pact. The amount of the payments will be determined later.

To some extent the German offer follows the suggestion made last year by Secretary of State Hughes who proposed an international committee of experts to determine how much Germany could pay. The German proposals call for a moratorium and a loan, the latter to be supervised by an international commission of economic experts. It is stipulated, however, that Germany retain her sovereign rights.

German officials say that passive resistance against French occupation of the Ruhr will continue "until the areas occupied in excess of the Versailles treaty are restored to Germany under a Rhineland agreement."

An agreement pledging France and Germany to arbitrate all future disputes also is proposed.

Germans Must Be Free.

In addition to requesting evacuation of the Ruhr, the German offer demands that all arrested Germans be freed and that Germans who were exiled by the French be returned to their homes.

The note announced Germany's willingness to provide special guarantees for the payments offered, pointing out the necessity of negotiations between an international loan syndicate and the interallied reparations commission. At the same time it was said that it was necessary to stabilize German currency while the reparations problem was being worked out.

Bonds would be issued to cover the international loan. The 30,000,000,000 gold marks would be payable in cash and goods. Two-thirds of it would be paid by July 1, 1927; five billions would be paid in 1929 and the balance in 1931.

Indian Mounds Last Longer Than Pyramids

Mounds built by the Indians in the Mississippi Valley are more enduring than the pyramids of Egypt, says Dr. Henry M. Whelpley, archeologist and scientist, who is excavating in the mounds at Cahokia, Ill.

"Many persons see no reason for excavations in the mounds except for plunder," he said. "As a matter of fact, few mounds have ever been opened which yielded anything of commercial value. The American Indians built these mounds chiefly as memorials. They may have built some as forts and a few as graves, but these were not the most common purposes."

U. S. ISOLATION IS IMPOSSIBLE, HARDING HOLDS

President Supports World Court, but Doesn't Believe in Joining League of Nations.

President Harding is no isolationist. He believes that no president will ever live in the White House with an honest conviction that the United States should hold aloof from the rest of the world.

Close contacts and intimate relationships between the United States and other nations arise daily and these, he believes, make any policy of isolation both foolish and futile.

The idea that America can live in a shell and have nothing to do with the rest of the world, he thinks, is "too ridiculous for consideration."

He holds, however, that for this country to take its place among the nations and fulfill its obligation to them it is not necessary to join the League of Nations.

Won't Imitate Wilson.

He believes in the international court of justice with all his heart and will do everything he can with dignity and propriety to hasten this country's participation in it, but he is not going out to stump for it as Woodrow Wilson did for the League of Nations.

The foregoing is an authentic summary of the President's foreign policy as outlined to press correspondents at the White House last week.

Hostile newspapers, "irreconcilable" Republicans and Democratic league advocates have frequently sought to cause confusion as to the President's attitude. Although as a member of the senate he voted to enter the League of Nations with reservations, and later, as a candidate for president favored an association of nations and a world court to maintain peace, persistent efforts have been made to force him into the position of favoring complete isolation.

Entanglements Opposed.

The President refuses to be put in such a light. He wants it understood that while he is strongly opposed to entangling alliances with other nations he is just as strongly in favor of joining with them in a world court to encourage the peaceful settlement of international disputes.

The President was moved to make his position clear because of misleading conclusions drawn from his declaration earlier last week that he would not start a propaganda campaign nor solicit indorsements from women's clubs and other organizations in an attempt to force this country into the world court.

Some newspapers came out with new stories and editorials saying that the President had backed down, that having committed himself to the world court he would now abandon the proposal to the tender mercies of its enemies. The President denied any such intention.

He said that he did not believe that it would comport with the dignity of the presidency for him to solicit indorsements or conduct a campaign. He indicated, however, that he was whole-heartedly for the world court plan and would do all that he could becomingly to see that the United States shared in it.

Gun Brides

* * *

Foreseen by Speaker

Chief City Magistrate McAdoo of New York, fears the day when the bride will go to the altar with the family gun strapped to her waist, if the craze for carrying firearms grows.

In an address before the international police conference Tuesday night, in which he urged more rigorous control of firearms, he said:

"The revolver is the badge of an American and we are known as a gun carrying, shooting nation. The ladies of America have taken to the gun in earnest."

After making his prediction about future brides, he added that if she is jilted, "off will go the gun."

"It is the open season for shooting men," he said. "A good looking woman on the stand, chivalrous jurors, a tale of love, and justice goes begging. As a result we are getting into an unenviable situation."

Wonder Waif Holds Crying Record

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

Probably nobody but Jack Dempsey's own mother had much to boast of when Dempsey was an infant, but Danny, a five-months-old foundling at the Mothers' Institute, Jersey City, N. J., who has no mother of his own—unless he can claim all those nice nurses and doctors at the institute as his parents—may yet show the burly fighter that he, too, can be a world's champion.

Danny is showing phenomenal development. His endurance and exhibits of physical strength are considered remarkable by the many physicians. Danny's favorite exercise is to lift himself to his feet by catching hold of a steel rod, and to swing clear of his cot. He gurgles gleefully when allowed to hang from the thumbs of an adoring nurse, doubling his chubby knees like a trapeze performer.

Danny was abandoned in a hallway last December, a day old. He is two feet, three-quarters inches tall and weighs 16½ pounds. His chest expanded measures 17½ inches and the wonder baby holds the non-stop crying record for the institution.

HEART TO BE BROKEN, BUT NOT GIRL'S, SAYS SOLOMON CASE JUDGE

Some one's heart must be broken, and it shall not be a child's.

Such was the decision of Judge Joseph B. David of Chicago that led him to reverse the precedent set by Solomon and award Edward Alice Beatrice Nuttall, 12, to her foster mother instead of her real mother.

"It is not a question," read Judge David's decision, "that the heart of the mother would be broken or the hearts of the foster parents would be broken, but that the heart of the child would be broken."

The welfare of Alice will be better served by her remaining in the care of the foster parents who legally adopted her when she was a three-weeks-old mite than by taking her from the influences and environment in which she has spent her childhood and restoring her to the mother from whom she was taken without parental consent, it was held in deciding the case brought by Mrs. Ada Morris against Mr. and Mrs. James Nuttall of Waukegan, Ill.

Little Alice on the witness stand said that while she believed she could learn to love her mother, Mrs. Morris, she could not love her as well as she does "Mother" and "Daddy" Nuttall.

Mrs. Morris testified that when Alice was born, before she had been married to the child's father, relatives took the infant from her while she was unconscious and placed it in a nursing home. From there Alice was taken by the Nuttalls.

For 12 years, Mrs. Morris testified, she sought Alice. Her relatives refused to aid, Mrs. Morris said, even after she was married to Alice's father. Recently she found Alice in the Nuttall home, where she became known to her daughter as a "dear friend of the family."

The judge's decision provided for Mrs. Morris to visit Alice, and added: "Courts cannot be governed by sentiment or tears or sorrow in cases involving the rights of individuals or of the state. The state is a silent partner with a zealous if not a jealous eye to the welfare of the child. If they were not true this government would be a failure."

POLICEMAN TOO POLITE TO USE CLUB ON GIRLS

Feminine Strikers Resist Officer Until He Lugs Them Off to Jail.

It takes politeness to arrest four girls at once when the latter are fighting mad, says Herman Rosely, a policeman.

Recently Rosely was called to subdue a miniature strike at a spinning mill, in Philadelphia, in which four girls were making life miserable for those who remained at work.

His appearance was the signal for a combined onslaught by the Amazons. Too much of a gentleman to use a club, Rosely for a moment was puzzled. Several strong hair pulls, two solid feminine punches in the face and a tattoo of French heels on his shins decided him, however, and with a great effort he swept all four into an armful of femininity and walked off with it.

Resistance ceased at this master stroke and four much subdued girls were arraigned at police station.

CHINESE BANDIT GANG CAPTURES U. S. TRAVELERS

Brigands Treat Women Captives Brutally After Taking Them From Peking Express Train.

Approximately 20 foreigners, many of them Americans, including two American army officers, were captured by a gang of Chinese brigands, who raided the Peking express May 6, at Suchow, Province of Kiangsu, and drove scores of whites and natives off like a herd of cattle.

Action of the bandits has created a situation regarded as seriously affecting the continuance of friendly relations between the United States and China.

A report from Peking on May 8 said the proposal has been made in legation circles to dispatch allied troops to effect the release of the score or more foreigners held captive.

Diplomatic representatives of foreign governments conferred in an effort to find the most effective way to deal with the situation. United States Minister Schurman, who had gone to Tsinanfu before the holdup, was in touch with the other members of the diplomatic corps by telegraph.

Woman Is Held.

Reports that all the women captives had been released lacked complete confirmation and there was nothing to contradict advices that at least one woman, Senora Ancira of Guadalajara, Mexico, was among the hostages. Miss Lucy Aldrich, sister-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was released soon after the holdup.

The American hostages include two army officers stationed at Manila, Major Roland Pinger, ordnance department, and Major Robert Allen, medical corps. Their sons, Roland Pinger, Jr., and Robert Allen, Jr., also were held. N. F. Milnor, Los Angeles merchant, and J. B. Powell, Shanghai newspaperman, are among the captives. Others are: J. A. Hinley, C. Jacobson, Lee C. Solomon, Fred Elias, Edward Elias, Lon Friedman, ——— Levy, all of Shanghai.

The first witnesses accounts told of the brutality of the bandits, who were said to have beaten their captives, even the women, when they could not keep up with the forced march from the train.

Witness Tells Story.

I believe that the bandits in whose hands rests the fate of a dozen or so Americans, many additional citizens of other nations and probably 100 Chinese, will make a desperate fight before they can be forced to release their captives, writes Boyd Lehrbas, U. S. newspaperman, who escaped.

The brigands are well organized and appeared able to meet any attack. They are a rough, cruel lot. They are of the heavy Shantung farmer type, ragged, unkempt and wearing ques bound round their heads which adds to the fierceness of their aspects.

They are well armed with polished rifles and bandoliers crammed with cartridges.

The foreigners in their power are having a hard time of it. When the bandits began their flight towards the mountains from the wrecked train virtually all of the prisoners were in their bare feet, having just been aroused from sleep. The roughness of the ground over which the flight was made and the lightness of the clothing worn by the prisoners caused them intense suffering and threatened them with illness. All were in their night clothes.

Fears for Captives.

Unless the captives, particularly the women and children, are soon released they will most certainly be sick.

The bandits gave no consideration to the women and children. They beat them with their rifles and spat upon them when they lagged. But in all this, despite their natural fright, exposure, terrible treatment and anxiety for loved ones—the American women were most courageous.

Mrs. Roland W. Pinger, wife of Major Pinger of the ordnance department, U. S. A., walked until she dropped from exhaustion, carrying her three-year-old son. As she fell she clasped him tightly to her body and when a bandit attempted to take the little lad from her she fought him like a tiger.

As she lay upon the ground she saw her 8-year-old son carried off in one direction while her husband, fighting to come to her aid, was driven off in another direction.

Mrs. Robert A. Allen, wife of Major Allen of the medical corps, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pinger were released. They were taken on board a relief train sent from Pekin and taken to Shanghai. On the train they were treated by a physician and given food for the first time in 12 hours. They were suffering from cuts and bruises and lacerated feet. After warm food and rest, they were all right.

WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

TWO ARMY AVIATORS, Lieutenants John A. McReady and Oakley G. Kelly, have written their names on the scroll of American history, along with Lewis and Clark and the pioneers who blazed trails across the American continent.

Lunching at noon Wednesday, May 2, in New York, McReady and Kelly landed in San Diego, Calif., Thursday, May 3, shortly after noon. They had accomplished what no man had done before them. They had navigated the air a distance of 2,686 miles, as the crow flies, in 26 hours, 50 minutes and 20 seconds. It was a world record in nonstop flying.

But the achievement means more than simply establishing a record. It means a great forward step in air navigation. It is a dream realized that will inspire other dreams and lead to other triumphs.

"Here we are, and we're mighty glad we're here!"

That is what the two airmen said upon their arrival at the aviation field in San Diego. That was no studied phrase. There was nothing heroic about it—a simple expression of what was in the hearts of the young flyers.

"Far West" Abolished.

McReady and Kelly have abolished the "Far West." They have brought the East and the West within a day's ride of one another. The Atlantic and the Pacific seem nearer than they were a week ago.

Let us recall that it is less than a century and a quarter since Lewis and Clark set out to explore the great Northwest, then unknown to civilization. President Thomas Jefferson had a vision that extended beyond the Mississippi. At that time the American republic had no title beyond the Father of Waters. Jefferson dreamed of a land far beyond. It was through his influence and help that the Lewis and Clark expedition was organized and equipped.

The men of that gallant organization penetrated four thousand miles into regions where the white man had not gone before—where he was unknown. To go and come meant eight thousand miles. Long after they had been given up as lost forever they returned to civilization. They were gone two years, four months and nine days.

The Progress of a Century.

A century, half a century, a quarter of a century—even a decade has brought mighty strides of progress in this country. There was a time when men feared the United States was so big, so broad, the Union could not be held together. All such fears have gone. They vanished years ago, when the East and the West were tied together with ribbons of steel. Then came the journey of a few days, and the telephone and the telegraph put the eastern seacoast in communication with the Golden Gate. Now genius has brought this new exploit.

Men used to crawl across the continent like creeping things. Now they fly above the clouds. Progress has given them a route nearer the stars.

If we listen to the faultfinders, there is always something the matter with this republic. Yet always it has gone forward with its face toward the rising sun, progressing as no other nation ever progressed. We are less than a hundred and fifty years of age. In the old world that means infancy.

Stout Hearts Build Big.

This country is yet new, but it has gone far. Men have worked out their own salvation, as God expects men to do, and His blessings have not been withheld.

The heart of the American pioneer has been stout, and stout hearts build big. There are men living today who journeyed into the Far West by stage coach and in prairie schooners. The covered wagon is still fresh in memory.

McReady and Kelly have done a spectacular thing, but they have been no more heroic than the men who faced the hazards of the western journey in the early days.

It is not probable, not expected, that the achievement of the aviators will soon become a daily or weekly performance. They have simply blazed the way, as others have done in other ways and in other days. What they have done is the result of science and courage. Science never turns backward and there is never lack of courage. What McReady and Kelly have done others will do, perhaps in better planes, with less risk.

Other Records Will Be Attempted.

It has been twenty years only since the Wright Brothers, looking for a soft place to light, tried out their flying machine. Battles have been fought in the air since then. The purr of the airman's motor has become a common song nearly everywhere in the country.

Already it has been suggested that an attempt will be made to establish a nonstop record of forty-eight hours. That accomplished, we may expect to hear that a trip around the world has been made.

Sometimes in horror people ask, "What is the world coming to, anyhow?" It is not coming. It is going, going forward. Life is getting more interesting every day in every way.

Missionary Society to Spend $1,500,000

One and one-half million dollars will be used to further the building program of the National Women's Home Missionarry society of the Methodist Episcopal church, the board of trustess has decided.

The rest of the $3,000,000 to be disbursed will be apportioned for work among the mountaineers, Spanish people in the United States territory, Hawaiians, Porto Ricans, immigration and settlement work, day nurseries and training schools.

New World Parley Urged by Traders

Another international conference of world powers as the only means of attaining economic stability and of determining how Germany can pay its reparation debts was suggested to foreign trade leaders, representing $500,000,000,000 of the country's wealth, who opened a four-day convention in New Orleans.

Business Is Fast, Is Plea of Speeder

"Business is so good I had to break the speed laws to keep up with it," said Charles W. Crum, Jr., salesman, when he paid a fine of $20 in South Bend, Ind., court after being arrested while going 50 miles an hour to see a prospect.

Many Ulstermen Come to America in 1923

Ulster Irishmen are emigrating to the United States in large numbers.

For the first three months this year, 1,612 American passports were issued in Belfast, as compared with 582 in the corresponding months in 1922.

The American consulate says the emigrants are of a better type this year than ever before, and include many skilled workmen.

Woman's Bath Bluff Fails to Stop Sleuths

"Don't you dare come in here. I'm taking a bath!" 'Twas a woman's voice, prompted by efforts of police booze sleuths of Martin's Ferry, O., to enter the bathroom while raiding a local home.

But the officers refused to halt. Breaking in the door, they saw a woman pouring liquor into a bathtub. The sleuths placed the stopper in the tub in time to obtain sufficient booze for evidence.

LA-DY CHIEF FREED BY JURY

28 Others Released When Conspiracy Evidence Is Lacking.

William C. McConnell, former federal prohibition director for Pennsylvania, and 25 others charged with conspiracy to issue fraudulent permits for the withdrawal of whisky, were freed by order of Judge J. Whitaker Thompson in the United States district court because the government was unable to prove a general conspiracy.

The end of the case, which originally involved 47 men and resulted once in a mistrial because of alleged jury tampering, came with dramatic suddenness after nearly an all day discussion of what constitutes a general conspiracy. Early in the day Judge Thompson interrupted the presentation of testimony to inform the government that unless it produced evidence to show a general conspiracy he would not let the trial go any further.

Had No Witnesses.

"We cannot produce any witnesses to say that the defendants sat around a table and doped out this plot," said J. Paul MacElree, assistant United States district attorney.

"The jury must deduce from their conduct that they had a unity of purpose to defraud the government."

The case was permitted to go on and D. P. Morgan, a wholesale and retail druggist of Washington, Pa., related some incidents in the Pittsburgh office of the prohibition director. Some of the defending attorneys constantly objected because the testimony had nothing to do with their respective clients. The witness finally was withdrawn. Finally the court said to Mr. MacElree that if he contended that by showing four separate conspiracies with some of the defendants involved in each that a general conspiracy existed, that was not the court's understanding of the law.

Case Goes to Jury.

Mr. MacElree then asked permission to submit the case to the jury. Judge Thompson gave the permission and instructed the jury to return a verdict of not guilty.

A side light to the case is that two of the defendants when the first trial opened pleaded guilty and were to have been government witnesses. Thy were Max Meshare of Wilkesbarre and John DeGardeyn of Point Marion, Pa. It was probable the two men would be permitted to change their pleas.

P. O. SWAMPED AS OIL BOOM HITS VILLAGE

Postmaster Needs 13 Assistants When Town Population Jumps From 200 to 10,000.

When an oil boom hits a one-man postoffice things begin to happen, as witnessed by the postmaster at Smackover, Ark.

Smackover was basking in the sun, a village of 200 last Fall, when oil was struck. Almost over night the population swelled to 10,000 and this message came to the postoffice department from Postmaster Fred V. McDonald, who, meantime, had grown wealthy in oil lands:

"The office is out of my control; letters arriving 5,000 to 7,000 daily; parcel post by the tons; can't open mail any longer; no place to put it; accept resignation."

Thirteen assistants were rushed to Smackover and the salary was increased from $600 a year to $2,500, but Postmaster McDonald refused to stay any longer than was necessary to get things running smoothly.

New Gland Invigorator Restores Vital Force

Remarkable Scientific Discovery Makes Glands Active. Easily Used at Home. Old and Young Benefited.

Thousands of men and women who want again the nerve, vigor, virility and ambition of earlier years, are finding all these through science's discovery of an invigorator, stronger and surer than even the famous gland treatment.

The amazing benefits of this discovery are largely confined to the lower spinal nerve centers and certain easily stimulated vital organs and blood vessels. Remarkable improvement is frequently evident within 24 hours and gratifying results are almost always obtained during the first week after treatment starts. Elderly people especially rejoice in their renewed flood of youthful vigor.

Physicians often recommend its use in cases that defy other treatments. Men of 60 say they have been restored to the full vigor of 30.

This remarkable compound is prepared in tablet form for convenient home use. The distributors of Vi-Tabs, which is the name of this invigorator, offer everyone the opportunity of trying a regular $2.00 double strength treatment with the full understanding that it costs nothing if it fails.

If you wish to secure for yourself the amazing results that it gives, simply send your name and address in strict confidence to the Vi-Tabs Laboratories, Dept. 118, 1018 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, and this $2.00 double strength treatment will be immediately mailed to you. Pay postman only $2.00 and postage when package arrives in plain, sealed wrapper. If, at the end of one week, you are not satisfied, the Laboratories will immediately refund your money. This guarantee is protected by deposits in two large Chicago banks, so do not hesitate to accept this offer.

LOOK

BUICK GIVEN FREE

IN BIG ADVERTISING PLAN

Save our Coupons. Call on your neighbors. Help us to advertise. Join our staff of representatives.

BIGGEST OFFER OF THE YEAR

No obligation. Hurry!

If you want this $893 Buick FREE cut out this Ad and mail with your name and address to

D. A. ABELS, Dept. 22
55 E. 4th St., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Kidnapers Were Kind to Him

Verner (Dodo) Alexanderson.

The "Bunny man," who kidnaped six-year-old Verner "Dodo" Alexanderson, was out of rabbits after he lured the radio engineer's son from home recently, but he gave "Dodo" a dog which was quite satisfactory. The boy was found in a lonely woods cottage and said he had been treated kindly. He insists on keeping the dog.

CHAPLIN'S PAY ANGERED MARY

Pickford $10,000-a-Week Demand Boosted Prices, Movie Man Says.

Professional jealousy of Charles Chaplin caused Mary Pickford to demand $10,000 a week in 1917 after she learned that the comedian was drawing a salary of $600,000 a year, it was declared by Samuel Goldwyn, formerly head of the Goldwyn corporation.

Mr. Goldwyn testified before the commission which is seeking to determine if the Paramount controlled the motion picture industry.

Goldwyn said that Miss Pickford's demand had made it necessary for the Lasky interests to charge more for her pictures than could be obtained under their contract with Paramount. Thus came into existence the Art Craft Co., which later added other stars, he said.

Goldwyn testified that after the formation of the Goldwyn Co. in 1917 great difficulty was experienced in getting its pictures exhibited in important cities due to control of theaters by the Paramount-Famous Players-Lasky interests and the franchises of the associated First National. He said he was forced to buy half interest in about 30 theaters, 18 of them being in Chicago and vicinity.

Testimony that First National was organized by 23 theater owners having theaters in 27 large cities in the United States, was given by H. L. Rothafel, its first president, and now director of the Capitol theater in New York. He said the purpose of the Capitol theater was to give the best possible showing for Goldwyn films in order to increase the sale in other parts of the country. He declared that the only purpose of theaters joining together to purchase films was that better prices could be obtained.

Bridge Builder Had Title

The ancient Roman, known for his ability as a road builder and whose roads still can be traced across Europe and in England, called his chief bridge builder the Pontiff. The title eventually passed on to the head of the empire and still later to the head of the Catholic church.

PAN-AMERICAN SESSION ENDED

Commerce, Hygiene and Prohibition Furthered by Parleys.

The fifth Pan-American conference, which ended its sessions May 3, after six weeks of deliberation, succeeded in reaching agreements on general questions of commerce, education and hygiene, but failed to smooth the difficulties that arose in its discussions of such topics as naval armament, an American league of nations, the Monroe Doctrine and an American court of justice. Consideration of some of the questions was postponed.

Future Pan-American gatherings will be called on to take further action on various subjects of general interest to the western nations.

The conference adopted two treaties, one for the protection of Pan-American trade marks, the other providing for investigation of international disputes by a fact-finding commission.

The hygiene committee, headed by George E. Vincent, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, put through measures for international co-operation in stamping out disease.

The conference also encouraged the prohibition movement.

First Postmistress Named in U. S. Dies

Mrs. Annie Maria Chetlain, said to have been the first postmistress in the United States and widow of General Augustus Louis Chetlain, died May 3. She was 87 years old and had lived in Montreal 25 years.

Mrs. Chetlain, whose first husband Colonel Melancthon Smith was killed at Vicksburg, was named postmistress of Rockford, Ill., by Abraham Lincoln in recognition of Col. Smith's career.

Prosperity Hits Enlistments

Due, officers declare, to the wave of industrial prosperity now in progress, the weekly average of enlistments in the navy has dropped from 900 to 340 and applicants from 2,000 to 950. It is estimated that the navy is 12,000 men short of its authorized strength.

RADIO BOY ENDS TREK FOR KIDNAPER'S BUNNY IN ARMS OF MOTHER

With his four-footed friend in exile anchored firmly with a cable rope nearly as large as the dog itself, Verner "Dodo" Alexanderson, the Radio boy, ended his adventures with the "bunny man" hugged close to his mother's breast in Watertown, N. Y., May 4.

Dodo's mother and father, a noted radio engineer of Schenectady, rushed to Watertown in a private car when word was flashed to their home that the six-year-old child had been found in a lonely riverside cottage in the woods near Theresa.

The dramatic touch was lacking when Mrs. Alexanderson, after three days' of worry over her boy, greeted the lad. Dodo was self possessed and smiling as his parents entered the Jefferson county jail.

"Hello, mamma," said the smiling boy.

"Hello, Verner," replied the woman, taking the child in her arms.

The "bunny man" who lured him away from home was not such a bad person in the opinion of Dodo. True, he was out of rabbits and could not give the lad one as he had promised, but he found a nice doggie instead which Dodo intends to make his pal for life.

The rescued youngster, told that his parents were on the way, was awaiting them in the hallway of the county building. He extended his arms to Mrs. Alexanderson when she walked hastily into the jail.

A second later, with his hand in that of his mother, he walked through the jail offices and entered the living apartments of Sheriff Gillette. Once his mother had been seated, Verner climbed into her lap and promptly began to cry.

Fear of the Press.

But the tears, it developed, were the result of the sudden influx of strangers—the reporters and photographers, numbering about 30—who insisted upon quizzing the boy, his mother and his father.

"I'm scared," sobbed Verner.

The boy, who had laughed when kidnaped, lost his courage when besieged by the press. The newspapermen grew silent—momentarily.

It was sufficient, however, to permit the youngster to recover his composure. Verner, linking his uninvited callers with the newspapers he had been reading, turned in his mother's arms and demanded to know if she had seen his picture in the papers.

Slipping from her lap, he found one of his two most prized possessions—a bundle of papers that bore his likeness.

"See, Mamma," he proudly commanded.

Mrs. Alexanderson was duly impressed.

Then "Dodo" introduced his second jewel—a mongrel pup, answering to the name of Jack, the dog that had substituted for the bunnies the kidnapers had used as bait to lure the boy into their machine.

"He's mine. And I'm going to keep him forever," confided Verner.

Ten feet of heavy rope—a cable that was almost larger than the dog—gave ample assurance that Jack would not be a kidnaper's victim.

Found by Boatman.

While detectives from every city in the state were on the chase it remained for Edward Jarvis, a Theresa boat liveryman, to find the boy. As the chase turned to the north country, Jarvis linked the crime with the fact that early in April he had rented a cottage to two strangers. They took possession recently. With them came an elderly woman and a boy.

Under the pretense of repairing a window shutter, Jarvis went to the cottage and looked at the boy. He identified the lad from a newspaper picture and then telephoned the sheriff's office in Watertown.

The boy was playing on the floor with a dog when Deputy Fred B. Jackson arrived and, questioned by the officer, began to cry. He finally spelled out his name between sobs, and the three-day search for the kidnaped child ended.

Harry Fairbanks of Ogdensburg and Stanley Crandall of Rochester and Watertown, the alleged kidnapers, escaped into Canada, it is believed.

Woman Changes Story.

Mrs. H. D. Grennell of Alexandria Bay, in whose charge the boy was found and who is said to be foster mother to Fairbanks' wife, is in the county jail. At first she maintained she did not know the men who placed the child in her care, declaring that they hired her to care for the child in the secluded shack half a mile from her home village. In her possession was found a letter addressed to Dr. E. F. M. Alexanderson, father of the kidnaped boy, in which she asked information about the two men. This letter she did not post and the authorities believe it was written as an alibi for her in case the boy was found and she was arrested. She had another letter signed by "B. C. Miller," but written by Crandall, in which he exonerated her of complicity. This also is suspected of being a move to protect her.

COLLEGE LIFE FOR GERMANS LACKS GAIETY

Good Old Beer Days Gone and Students Have to Work for Education.

College students in Germany probably have suffered more from the effects of the war than any other class.

Instead of his pre-war existence of beer drinking and card playing the student now is compelled to work his way through college.

Figures show that more than 8,000 of the 12,000 German students are compelled to earn their living. Of this total about 5,000 work eight hours a day and attend school in their spare time.

The school authorities have succeeded in obtaining employment for many of the students. At Leipzig, for example, a certain number of medical students have organized workshops for the supply of scientific instruments. The initial capital, the greater part of which was a gift, amounted to 300,000 marks.

Within five months the association has earned 6,000,000 marks. Every month about 500,000 marks is paid out to 20 or 30 students as wages.

Many other experiments made by students, particularly the printing and selling of school books, have been successful.

Fortune for Books

Dr. Abraham S. W. Rosenbach, famous book collector, of Philadelphia, has returned from a tour of Europe during which he spent $1,250,000 for private collections of rare books.

SEEKS TO HONOR CIVIL WAR CHIEF

Southerner Would Show Gratitude for Food From General Canby.

Touched by an unusual endeavor to show gratitude, President Harding has directed the war department to ascertain the burial place of General Edward R. S. Canby, an officer in the Union army during the Civil war, who was killed in 1873 during some Indian troubles in northern California.

The President acted upon receipt of letter from Charles Hall, an aged attorney of Bay Minnette, Ala., who wrote that he wanted to place a wreath on the grave of General Canby.

"General Canby was in command of the federal army at Fort Blakely, in Baldwin county, Ala.," the Alabaman wrote. "The confederate soldiers at Fort Blakely surrendered to him April 9, 1865. On the morning of April 15, 1865, General Canby was in Fort Blakely and on that day my father and I went to Blakely to ask him for something to eat, as everything my father owned at that time was destroyed by the federal soldiers while they were fighting the southern soldiers at Blakely.

Wagon Load of Food.

"We went into Blakely in a one-horse wagon and General Canby had the wagon filled with the best kind of food and told my father to go back home with the food to his family which he did, but while we were in Fort Blakely standing at the river landing a steamer from Mobile came up and stopped and just before she landed someone on board yelled that President Lincoln had been assassinated. Then and there father remarked that 'that was the worst thing that ever happened to the south.'

"We then left the landing with our wagon filled with food and on our way back home we were stopped by federal pickets about one and one-half miles from Canby headquarters. Father then went back to Canby and he wrote a note and gave it to my father and told him to hand the note to the picket, which he did, then the picket let us through the federal lines and we came home to my mother and six small children—being my brothers and sisters.

Would Honor Grave.

"For many years I have wanted to place a wreath of flowers on General Canby's grave. If you don't know where he is buried then please turn this over to someone who knows. I am now in my sixty-ninth year and I want to place a wreath on his grave before I pass away. General Canby gave us food when we were hungry."

AIRMEN CROSS U. S. CONTINENT

Continued From Page One

the switch and installed a new one.

"He succeeded and a load was lifted from our hearts when the regulator again began to function properly."

MacReady took up the story:

"From that moment the flight became a pleasant prospect for us, and we encountered no further mechanical trouble. We kept the Liberty motor operating at 90 per cent of its full horse power after we had cleared the New Jersey air lanes.

"Reaching Dayton, Ohio, 560 miles air line from New York, we headed for St. Louis. We were flying at an altitude of 2,000 feet when darkness caught us near Indianapolis.

Beacon Sighted.

"Approximately 50 miles from Belleville, Ill., we were thrilled by the sight of a huge beam of light projecting through the clouds. It was a veritable beacon on a rocky and dangerous shore to us, for otherwise intense darkness prevailed and we were trusting solely to our compass to keep on a straight course.

"Aided by the light, which we knew came from Belleville, we continued straight as an arrow. A light rain began to fall when we crossed the Missouri line, a condition we were prepared for on account of the cloudy weather in Indiana and Illinois. At the Missouri-Kansas line, while traveling better than 110 miles an hour and at an altitude of 5,000 feet, we sighted moonlight. It gave us a feeling of security.

Cemetery Recognized.

"The faint streaks of moonlight were all that we sighted of the heavens until day break over Tucumcari. Kelly was at the wheel. Dawn was just breaking. Kelly gave a shout of joy when, on looking over the side, he spied the cemetery on the outskirts of Tucumcari. It was a land mark we knew."

From that time on the aviators had not the slightest difficulty. They were flying in day light over a section they knew well from their previous flight and the plane, lightened of much of its early burden of fuel, did all that was asked of it in climbing over the mountain ranges. They considered that part of the trip so easy they barely commented on it.

MacReady and Kelly said they exchanged positions at the wheel every six hours except while crossing Arizona. Then they changed frequently, partly to rest and partly to arrange their schedule so that MacReady would handle the controls in making the landing.

The airplane had about 40 gallons of gasoline left in its tanks when it landed. It carried 725 gallons at the start.

The motor is a 400-horse power standard compression Liberty.

Major Arnold said that the record set by Kelly and MacReady demonstrated the feasibility of commercial air lines across the continent. Passengers, he said, could be carried in one day as far as they could go in the fastest passenger trains in five.

North America's Oldest Road

The oldest road on the North American continent is the old Spanish road, built across Mexico in the sixteenth century. It is shaped like the letter "Y" with the stem starting at Vera Cruz, on the gulf. The northern prong touches the Pacific at San Blas, Nayarit, and the southern tip at Acapulco.

STOMACH SUFFERERS

I positively guarantee that my remedy will relieve the worst case of stomach trouble (except cancer) and will expel any tape worm, or I make no charge for the remedy. A few dangerous symptoms are: Gastritis, acid stomach, gnawing pains, dizziness, indigestion, gas and bloating. Don't suffer another minute—send me your name and address to-day, for free proof by return mail.

DAWMOELLER, P. O. BOX T 111, MILWAUKEE, WIS

VETERAN KEEPS EXCESS PENSION

Disabled Soldier of '98 Drew Pay From Two U. S. Bureaus.

One case in which a war veteran unwittingly "gypped" astute government officials and, in modern-day parlance, got away with it, has come to light.

John R. Kissinger of Homer, Michigan, served his country well in the Spanish-American war. He was cited for his gallantry in battle and was heralded as "the outstanding hero" of the conflict, but he paid a heavy penalty, becoming a helpless paralytic.

Kissinger was granted a pension of $100 a month by the War Department—a considerable sum in days gone by.

Pay from Two Sources.

While drawing his $100 a month, Kissinger, in some yet unexplained manner, got on the payroll of the pension bureau, from which he received $12 a month. He was drawing money from two governmental sources.

Not until recently was the discrepancy discovered, and steps were immediately taken to recover the amount overpaid Kissinger, $1,699.60.

Kissinger, however, was found unable to refund the amount so it was decided to deduct $50 a month from his $1,200 annuity.

That plan, though, did not appeal to prominent persons who interested themselves in Kissinger's case, and immediately a loud protest was raised because of the veteran's total disability and because he was unable to support himself and his wife on the small sum he would receive.

Victim of Fever Test.

Attention was directed to the fact that the $100 monthly pension was granted Kissinger by an act of Congress in which he was cited for "special recognition of the eminent services rendered, suffering endured and permanent disabilities contracted by him in the interest of humanity and science as a volunteer subject for experiment in the yellow fever hospital in Cuba."

The intervention of Kissinger's friends in his behalf had its desired effect. Through a deficiency appropriation bill, authorization was given the War Department to continue the full pay of $100 a month to Kissinger, without any deduction or return of sums paid contrary to law.

It Builds Strength

Just the remedy to aid the system in throwing off catarrhal wastes, help the functional organs, restore digestion and bring back the perfect balance.

Pe-ru-na meets the need which we all feel at this season of the year.

Sold Everywhere

Tablets or Liquid

(PE-RU-NA)

Oklahoma Oil Man Sued for Million

Suit to recover $1,000,000 from investments in oil has been brought by George W. Baker, wealthy shoe manufacturer, against J. Alexander Dingwall, Jr., Oklahoma oil man, it became known when a supreme court order was issued citing Dingwall to show cause why he should not file an accounting.

Baker alleged that Dingwall had organized and mismanaged the Dingwall Oil Producing Co., the D. W. C. M. Co. and a number of other oil companies in Oklahoma.

Nearly 200 Brooklyn business men are joint plaintiffs with Baker, it was said, each having invested approximately $5,000.

Child-birth

Valuable Illustrated Book Sent Free.

How thousands of women, by the simple method of an eminent physician, have avoided unnecessary miseries through many months and up to the moment Baby has arrived, is fully explained in the remarkable book, "Motherhood and the Baby." Tells also what to do before and after baby comes, probable date of birth, baby rules, etc., and about "Mother's Friend," used by three generations of mothers, and sold in all drug stores everywhere. "Mother's Friend" is applied externally, is safe, free from narcotics, permits easier natural readjustment of muscles and nerves during expectancy and child-birth. Start using it today. Mrs. E. E. Kerger, Slayton, Minn., says: "It pulled me through." Send for book today, to Bradfield Regulator Co., BA-35, Atlanta, Ga. "Mother's Friend" is sold at all drug stores.

You Can Cure Your Rupture

Capt. Collings Will Send You Free His Plan by Which He Cured Himself.

Thousands of ruptured men and women will rejoice to know that Capt. Collings who was helpless and bedridden for years with double rupture will send free to all the full plan by which he cured himself at home. Merely send your name and address to Capt. W. A. Collings, Inc., Box 442R, Watertown, N. Y. It won't cost you a cent and may be worth a fortune. Hundreds have already cured themselves by just this free information.

To know how good a cigarette really can be made you must try

Marine Observatory May Become Museum

The Portland, Me., observatory from which in the war of 1812, an anxious group watched the smoke of battle between the American frigate Enterprise and the British brig Boxer, is closed to the public the first time in more than a century. Whether it will be reopened as a museum or demolished to make room for more remunerative property for the private owners remains to be determined.

The observatory, commanding a wide sweep of the sea 20 miles beyond the harbor, has been one of the local points of interest to visitors since it was built in 1807. Famous guests of presidents have been escorted to it. From its top President Monroe, July 15, 1817, witnessed a display of fireworks in his honor. The intials of Longfellow are said to be among the many carved in the old days by the youth of Portland.

No More Rupture—Sound as a Dollar

Ohio Man Finds Remarkable Device Which Succeeds Where Many Fail; Sample SENT FREE

This is an invitation that no man or woman in Toledo or vicinity who is suffering the terrible handicap of dangerous Rupture can afford to ignore. I want to send you, absolutely free, a sample of my latest Sponge Rubber Rupture Pad; that so many users say has, when fitted to their case, not only given them instant relief from all the tortures, dangers and discomforts of Rupture but has effected a complete, lasting recovery so that all evidence of Rupture is gone and they are in perfect health and as "sound as a dollar."

Don't say this is too good to be true. Try it. Send no money—just your name and address plainly written and say "I am ruptured" and I will quickly send you a sample Sponge Rubber Rupture Pad and full particulars of my generous offer in a plain sealed envelope. Address E. H. Scott, Hernia Expert, 569-R, Scott Bldg., Akron, Ohio. Do this today—Before you forget. You may not see this notice again.

—Advertisement.

ENDS YOUR MOTOR TROUBLES

Improved Kirk Transformers can now be bought at half the usual prices. A four cylinder set which used to sell for $2.00 can now be purchased for $1.00.

Improved Kirk Transformers are guaranteed to give your motor more power, reduce carbon deposits and decrease gasoline consumption.

No Fouled Plugs

Transformers give us a higher, more efficient spark, which *burns all* the oil and gas you put in cylinder. Since all it burned none is left to form carbon.

Kirk Transformers overcome the troubles due to oil pumping and are sold on an absolute money back guarantee. For pleasure cars—motorcycles—tractors and gas engines.

Send No Money

Just fill out the coupon below and the transformers will be shipped to you at once. Try them ten days and if you are not satisfied your money will be instantly refunded.

The Carlton Mfg. Co.
109 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

The Carlton Mfg. Co.
Dept. B, 109 N. Dearborn St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Send me a set of Improved Kirk Transformers by parcel post. My car is a ..... cylinder ..... (make of car) ..... I will pay the postman $1.00 for a 4 cylinder set or $1.50 for a 6 cylinder set.

Name .....

Address .....

Boys--Girls—A Coupe FREE

A Classy New Coupe For Some Boy or Girl.

Many Other Prizes Given.

Boys—Girls—Here is something new. A real classy Coupe with adjustable windshields, horn, glass windows that open and close, shock absorbing springs, wire wheels in fact all the latest features necessary to make it complete. It certainly is a dandy. You can easily be the most popular boy or girl in your community if you owned this classy Coupe. You have an opportunity to get this coupe FREE. An opportunity lots of boys and girls will not have—so read carefully my instructions and start today to get this new and classy Coupe.

Can You Find the Nine Hidden Letters?

While drawing this picture of the Coupe our artist cleverly arranged the letters of two words in his drawing. These words were taken from this advertisement and I believe the boys and girls will have a lot of fun trying to find them. It isn't hard. What two words do they spell?

You Can Easily Get This Coupe Free

I will give you 1,000 credits for every letter you find and an extra 1,000 credits if you can spell the two words made from these letters. These credits will help you like everything towards winning this Coupe. Don't lay this magazine down until you have found the hidden letters and correctly spelled the two words. Mail this to me at once and I will tell you all about this classy Coupe and how you can get it free. Be the first in your neighborhood to have one. A free prize if you answer this month.

EARL SHAW, Mgr., Dept. 514 Ryan Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

DEFINITE decision has been reached by the administration officials charged with prohibition enforcement to put the ship liquor ban into effect on June 10. Foreign nations will be notified that their ships entering American territorial waters on and after that date will be held to strict compliance with the law as interpreted by the supreme court.

The government has begun legal action to dissolve the alleged lumber trust. A suit in equity against the Western Pine Manufacturers' association was filed on behalf of the government in the federal district court at St. Paul.

Establishment of a foundation for the advancement of the science of charactrology was provided in a trust agreement filed in court by Leander Hamilton McCormick, grandson of Leander McCormick, inventor of the reaping machine.

Attorney General Daugherty declared last week that the injunction proceedings in Chicago against leaders of railroad shopmen who were on strike last year, "must be carried to a conclusion in order that universal strikes which interfere with the transportation system of the country shall be a thing of the past."

Forty passengers were injured in New York recently when a Manhattan bridge car ran away on the grade as it approached the Brooklyn end of the structure, leaped the track and crashed into a group of waiting vehicles at the bridge entrance.

Captain John D. Fredericks was elected congressman from the Tenth California district last week. The world court proposed by President Harding was the principal issue in the special election for a successor to the late Captain H. Z. Osborne, who died in office. Fredericks advocated the court.

Appointment of Mrs. Mabel G. Reinecke to be collector of internal revenue in Chicago was announced at the White House.

Radio broadcasting by private enterprise is now permitted in British India through a recent decision of the government.

HOUSEWIVES of the nation, in order to force down the price of sugar, are asking for a general boycott on it. Two thousand East Side children in New York last week took a pledge not to use sugar until the price dropped. The campaign met with partial success when chain store systems cut the price half a cent a pound.

The government, in attacking the rum fleet off the Jersey coast, seized a tug and motor launch carrying provisions and fuel to the alien craft anchored outside the three-mile limit.

The marathon dishwashing record has been claimed by Susie Hetlock of Covode, Pa. She washed dishes in a hotel for 31 hours without a stop or a broken plate.

Hostilities between klansmen and anti-klansmen broke out in Middlebush, N. J., recently after the initiation of 860 into the order before a crowd of 10,000 klansmen and spectators.

There is nothing alarming in the cool weather this Spring and no reason to believe the world's heat is decreasing, government scientists said recently in explaining that there were no signs of a chilly Summer.

Five persons were killed and 26 injured in the wreck of a Denver & Rio Grande western passenger train at Woodside, Utah, last week.

The supposed skull of the Tertiary period found in Patagonia is simply a curious shaped stone of no scientific value, said an announcement made by a committee of scientists of the Buenos Aires and Paplata museums of natural history which has carefully examined it.

A resolution recalling the Methodist Episcopal delegation to Russia and refusing to accept responsibility for any of the reported remarks of Bishop Edgar Blake at Moscow, was adopted by the board of bishops in session at Wichita, Kan.

Quaker relief units in Russia report that deaths from starvation still are occurring in sections of Pugachev and the Bashkir republic and that until about Aug. 1 certain sections cannot be supplied with food.

ST. GEORGE'S challenge cup, one of the most important golf trophies in the world, was won in the tournament at Sandwich, England, by the American team. Francis Ouimet of the United States met Dr. O. F. Willing, another Yankee, and won the tournament.

Joseph C. Grew, head of the American delegation at the Lausanne conference, has expressed to General Pelee, leader of the French delegates, the opinion that when all the facts about the Chester concession become known the difficulties arising from the grant will be found to have solved themselves.

Oral arguments in cases brought to challenge the constitutionality of the Sheppard-Towner maternity law were opened recently in the supreme court.

At almost the same hour, but on different French fields, two helicopters accomplished the feat of rising vertically and flying horizontally in complete circles.

The French and Belgians succeeded from the beginning of the Ruhr occupation until April 28, in exporting 238,000 tons of coal and coke by rail, and up to April 15, they exported 193,800 tons of same fuels by water.

Gliding 25 miles against a 49-mile wind with his motor developing less than 15 horsepower, Lawrence Spery arrived at Dayton, O., last week after a four-hour flight from Washington, D. C.

United States is accorded preferential treatment in the reimbursement of her Rhineland army costs under an agreement reached by the allied delegates at a conference in Paris.

Neil M. Judd, director of the Pueblo Bonito expedition of the National Geographic society, left Washington to resume exploration of the prehistoric ruin at Chaco Canyon, New Mexico.

Plans for submitting an old age pension law to the voters of Ohio at the next election have been completed by the Ohio State Federation of Labor and the Fraternal Order of Eagles.

RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

GROW 100 CORN BUSHELS— Yields Can Be Increased.

How many farmers are growing above 40 bushels of corn per acre? How many can grow 100 bushels to the acre? If other folks can do it, why with brains, can not you do it? Here is a story from the Ohio College of Agriculture which will fit and interest readers in many states. Lester won the victory many times in this champion corn growing contest.

Some soil will not grow 100 bushels to the acre. Most acres will grow more than they do the way the most farms these acres. Sweet clover is rapidly becoming a favorite with farmers. This college says that sweet clover needs plenty of lime-stone.

Most of these tests were on 10 acres of land, on which 100 or more bushels had to be grown in order to get into this champion class. One man's 10-acre yield was a fraction over 104 bushels per acre.

Here is a part of the report as made by the college:

"For the past six years the average corn yield in Ohio has been 40 bushels per acre. During the same period 40 farmers in 26 different counties have produced more than 100 bushels on 10 acres. A few of these men have exceeded 100 bushels per acre in four years of the six. It has been done. Perhaps the manner in which it was accomplished will be of use to others who desire to raise their yields of corn to a higher level. The following is a summary of the more important phases of the systems of soil management followed.

"Clover was the preceding crop on two-thirds of the fields. One-half of the fields were manured previous to plowing for corn. Two-thirds of the fields received commercial fertilizers in amounts varying from 100 to 1,000 pounds per acre. Half of them received acid phosphate alone. One-third received manure with acid phosphate. In all cases except one where the yields have exceeded 100 bushels, a phosphoric acid and potash fertilizer was used and in this case 80 tons of manure were applied on the 10 acres."

IN NEW YORK TOWN— The City by the Sea.

The salt sea air is medicine. There is something grand about the ocean. Its vastness. Its ebb and flow of tides. Its secrets. Its deep water life of strange and mystic living things. It is a wonder water world.

Business matters often take us to the city by the sea, which is little old New York town. This city is half brother of the world—with something good and something bad from every land.

Within a radius of 20 miles of the heart of New York are more than 10,000,000 human beings, or nearly one-tenth of all the people of the United States of America.

We watch the busy street crossings. Four policemen are needed to control the mighty flow of folks and vehicles. The jam is on every hour of the 24. We wonder how they escape the crush and rush of this vast street crowd.

On foot and on wheels. Underground and on top of ground. In skyscrapers and in basements. On water and on land. Good and bad. Jew and Gentile. Black and white. Rich and poor. Great and small. Sage and fool. Saint and sinner. Angels and hpyocrites. Drunk and sober. The scarlet jade and the stately, virtuous wife and mother. The glad and the sad. The gay and the downcast. All these and more go to make up the mighty procession that ceaselessly moves on and on to some goal, some home, some haven or to some resort of vice or gambling hell.

We watch the crowd go by. We wonder how all are fed and where they go to bed. Cars overhead. Cars underground. Cars on the surface. Busses in continuous procession. Taxicabs of all colors. Autos of all makes in the world. The old one-hoss shay may yet be seen in New York town. The heavy, giant truck and moving van and the draft horse team hitched to the big wagon. All these are a part of the picture in the city by the sea, where the salt sea breeze of the restless Atlantic comes to the nostrils of those who dwell or visit there.

We see the beggar and the millionaire. The faded woman, bent with age and the weary work of years offers us the latest edition of the city newspaper. This vendor of news seems to be on duty at all hours of the day. We wonder what her story is. Was she once a hearty farm lassie who wandered away from the old farmstead and is now toiling up a checkered career in this largest city of the world?

Here the bootlegger, bandit and burglar reap a harvest every day of the year. Preacher and priest jostle the clown. The glitter and glare of white lights flash the advertising message to the passerby.

Manhattan island is the home of the great city. Around its docks are the ships that go about and around the world. This motley crowd of vessels fly the flags of many nations and are destined for many parts in distant lands.

We watch and wonder as the crowd goes by. The belly of this great city must be fed. Here is a market for millions of bushels of grain grown on western farms. Here is a demand for millions of tons of beef, pork and mutton that grew on the western plains.

Let the gates to New York be closed for two days and this great and powerful metropolis of the world will have the wolf at its door and gaunt hunger staring it in its face. Here wheat and meat are consumed by the hundreds of train loads every day.

The farmer grows the meal ticket. The city devours it. Far from the maddening crew and crowd of Broadway, Fifth avenue and Wall street the farmer is happier than nine out of ten who roam the trails of this great city by the sea. We talked to one millionaire who was born in a log house close to where our mother rocked our cradle in the same county. He is bound hand and foot to business every day and has less time to play than when he lived the simple life.

R. L. Goode

How's Your Stomach?

Vim, Vigor and Health Follow This Advice

Dayton, Ohio—"I have been greatly benefited by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. My general health was poor and I suffered with my stomach too. The doctors here charged me a high fee and did me little good. I began a few months ago with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and have been improving right along ever since."—R. L. Goode, 405 Howard St.

Health is your most valuable asset. It does not pay to neglect it. Go at once to your neighborhood drug store and get the "Golden Medical Discovery" in tablets or liquid. Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

—Advertisement.

DROPSY TREATED ONE WEEK FREE short breathing relieved in 15 to 30 hours. Swelling reduced in 15 to 20 days. **Wonderful Discovery.** Write for free trial treatment. **COLLUM DROPSY REMEDY CO., Dept. 83, ATLANTA, GA.**

CONGRESSMEN IN CLEAR— They Know it's Loaded.

In several states congressmen and senators have been asked to use their influence against high cost road waste and extravagance. In some instances these highup officers may have given air and comfort to the road hog gang.

In most instances these law makers have kept hands off. They know that it is loaded and will kick back. In nearly every state there is a revolt against longer extravagance just to feed road swine profits they do not earn.

In Michigan, Senator Townsend three years ago, tried to get a law through congress to create a national highway commission to have charge of roads, and by so doing take the management of roads farther away from the people at home.

Congress turned down this proposal. When Senator Townsend came up for re-election he was very badly defeated by his folks at home. This is the fate that ought to come to all these men who have high office and use it against and not for the people.

Watch your congressmen. Ask them what kind of roads they favor. Write them a letter and ask for their answer in writing. This is the carbolic acid test. If a road costs over $30,000 per mile, get mad and get busy.

RURAL WELFARE MAIL— From All Walks in Life.

One morning on our desk we had a number of letters that had come to us in the mail. We get letters from far and near and from folks who are engaged in all the walks of life. Each in his own way of making a living or trying to do so.

The first letter we opened was from a farm wife who lives in the hill country. She knows how to write a good letter and can express herself clearly and well.

She knows what is going on in politics, in the labor world, in the marketing of farm products, in the prices of what a farmer must buy. She gets radio reports calling for men to work in the city at 90 cents an hour for 10 hours.

She knows that $3 a day is more money than she and her husband can pay for labor on the farm. She says that there are many farms for sale in her county and section of the state in which she lives.

The next letter was from a distinguished citizen of the United States who served several years on the U. S. supreme court and who has resigned.

This judge is an old friend of ours. Among other things which he said in his letter was that he had resigned from the high court to do what he could for the league of nations.

We had written to the judge asking him to deliver an address at a certain meeting. A committee had asked Rural Welfare editor to get the judge to make a speech, if possible.

This was a big jump from farm home to United States supreme court folks. This is a sample of the letters we get. The odd thing about these two letters was the fact that the farm lady wrote as good a letter as did the judge.

WHY GLUT THE MARKET— Less Folks and Crops.

Surplus crops ruin prices. Increase demand, widen markets or decrease production. Too many folks on the farm. Production overdone. Low selling and high buying prices hit farm folks.

We used to say "Keep folks on the farm." Nothing to it. Manpower has been so multiplied by improved machinery that we can have less farmers and still too much crop.

Folk-flow to city is tremendous. short hours, big pay and movies are bait to lure human beings from the country home on the mud road. Fill the city full of folks. Let mob and mass collect in great centers of population. Let the joy ride go on.

Some day, when we go to the city kitchen and look into the pots and kettles, we will wish we were back to the old ham and egg factory on the farm. The mob, the riot, the strike, the hell raising live in big cities.

Why glut the market with surplus crop? Why not the farmer be as wise as the manufacturer who keeps the market hungry instead of foundered?

Co-operation and work above the neck will help the bread and butter makers. The market problem is the biggest question to solve, to save the farm from sheriff sales.

The farmer wails at tariff walls. The sugar trust grabs millions while sugar beet growers borrow money to pay taxes. The leather trust fixes prices and gets rich. The farmer sells the hide at four cents a pound while the other fellow sells it at $4.

LOOKS GOOD FOR WOOL— Mills Work Day and Dark.

Looks like better prices for wool if the farmer gets his share of this much talked of prosperity. Mills are running day and night at full capacity. The war on shoddy goods has helped to show up the superior merit of all wood and virgin wool.

If the farmer is a good salesman he will get more for his wool this year than he did last season.

DUDES AND FLAPPERS— Are Dancing Dunces.

News reports indicate that some soft-headed dudes and she dunces have been trying to dance themselves to death. Pity they did not succed.

Dancing for many hours without rest is next to insanity. Mother's slipper or one hour at the dishpan or washtub would do a lot toward curing this St. Vitus wiggle and wobble disease.

During one of these longtime jigs the blood of the dancer was tested. Brain test would have shown where the trouble was.

This silly stuff is on a par with the road grabbers who want a continuous performance of rake-off and fat profits, no matter who is governor or what the public thinks about the matter.

THE MARRIAGE LICENSE— Free, White and Twenty-one.

How many of our men readers recall the day they got their marriage license? Were you backward and bashful? Did you have to take your intended bride with you? In some states this is a requirement of the law.

Did you answer all the questions truthfully? Did you declare that you were a free man, white and 21 years old? If you were colored, you had to pass through the same ceremony. Many a bashful lover has dreaded this buying a license. He would be willing enough to pay much more for it if he could send somebody to get it for him.

We recall the day when we took this degree. We went alone. We still have the notion that the old judge asked a lot of questions, just to make sure that we got our money's worth when we paid 75 cents for the license. There ought to be a law to punish license officers who ask more questions than the law requires.

POOR SEED IS WORSE— Than Your Poor Soil.

Yes, poor seed is worse than poor soil. Poor seed often robs the farmer's pocketbook of more money than poor soil takes from him.

Practically all soil can be made good. Practically every farmer can have good seed if he makes up his mind to have it.

We have run-down soil and run-down farms. We have the scrub breeding sire and run-down live stock on the farms. Why have a run-down team on the farm by having poor seed also?

When poor seed, poor soil hits the farm and farmer he is on the way to the poorhouse or to the city for a job to make a living for himself and family.

Poor seed is not much worse than to select the wrong variety of seed. You ought to know whether the breed of seed you plant fits the farm, climate and season of the year. There is a lot of brain work in farming, but some farmers have not yet found it out.

In days of old the tribes that roamed the world in less degree of civilization than we were yet wise enough to know that good seed was their salvation in growing crops. Why not we profit by their wisdom?

The farmer needs to be an observing fellow and see what effect seed and soil have upon his income.

BIGGEST NUT TO CRACK— By the American Farmer.

"Marketing crops at a profit price is the biggest problem of the American farmer today."

This was the answer which Rural Welfare editor gave to a question asked of us by an officer in a big farmer organization.

The farmer knows how to take care of his land. He knows how to grow crops and increase yields. He knows how to pay taxes twice a year, but he has not yet learned, as a mass, how to grow and sell farm crops at a profit.

We believe that not only the farmer, but all our citizens should be interested in working out ways and means whereby the farmer can make money on the farm. If not there will be less farmers and the cost of living will be higher and more people hungry and robbing others.

BABY BIRTH COSTS— Goes Higher Every Year.

"The cost of baby birth is going out of sight. The doctors make a lot of folks believe that the mother should go to the hospital to have her child born. This costs money. The doctors often charge as much as $50. The hospital charges that much or more. The nurse must have pay. The total makes it cheaper for folks to do without babies. Then at the hospital the nurse may get the babies mixed and mothers do not always know for sure whether they have their own child."

This statement and more along the same line are the sentiments of a mother of several children born in her own home. This statement had reference largely to folks in larger towns and in the city.

She was quite sure that the doctors get good pay for what they do in confinement cases. Perhaps this story will help a lot of our Blade readers to appreciate the home doctor who does not charge so high for his services in these cases.

In the city the doctors are good collectors. They charge and get the money. Many of our rural doctors charge much less and are very poor collectors. Some of the gold in the big city may glitter, but country folks have many things to be thankful for.

WILL WE OBEY LAW— This the Issue Next Year.

Shall we obey the law? This will be the big question that the political bosses will have to meet in the campaign.

There is but one answer to this question. We know that the law is not enforced and not obeyed, but there are mighty few who will admit that it is right or safe to disoey the law and the constitution.

There is no doubt as to how farmers will answer this question. They have always stood for law enforcement. They always will. They should make it known soon that they will not give their votes to any man or party who does not stand four-square for obedience to the law of the land.

The campaign for 1924 has already started. There are a lot of the old-timers in politics in the kitchen molding bullets to shoot in the campaign next year when the White House and control of congress will be the big stakes played for.

Farmer folks ought to be adopting resolutions and serving notice right now that they intend to live in a country where laws are obeyed. The professional politicians and officeholders would rather be on the payroll than to worry about law enforcement. Clean house if you have such varmints in your community or state. Do it now.

MEMORIAL DAY POPPY— Let It Be the Fashion.

"Pleasures are like poppies spread.
You touch the flower and its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall in the river—
A moment white, then gone forever."

Let the poppy grow a plenty. We have need of it. On the fields of France, where our boys took their chance, the poppies red grow wild.

Here is a request of the American Legion:

"The scarlet poppy has been adopted by the American Legion for use on Memorial day in honor of the men who fell in France. It will be worn by all members of the Legion.

"The Legion suggests a similar use of the poppy on Memorial day by all members of the public, and asks that we place this suggestion before the organizations in our membership. With this request we very gladly and sympathetically comply. It is our hope that organizations of business men will promote the wearing of poppies on May 30.

"From local posts of the American Legion and from units of the American Legion Auxiliary poppies may be obtained during the week preceding Memorial day."

TAXING THE SUGAR BOWL— Trust Robbers Go to Jail.

President Harding is winning applause by ordering investigation and prosecution of the sugar kings who have forced up the price of sugar.

Investigation without punishment is a farce. Why should the sugar-bowl trust steal millions from the public when there is plenty of sugar to be had?

They got a taste of this fat profit on sugar during the war. They ought to have been punished then. Let us see they will go to jail now.

President Harding seems to be making trouble for several of the big trust combines. He has indicated the cement trust. He has gone after the pottery trust and sentenced nearly 100 guilty men to go to prison.

The oil robbers of Texas and the Southwest have also been tormented by Uncle Sam under the orders of the President. These folks know how to fix prices and to insure fat profits and big dividends on their business.

We would like to hear of some farmer being sent to jail for forming a big fat profit trust. If this would happen perhaps we could find out how they did it. So far this trust business seems to be an unknown art to the hand-blister crowd.

ROAD SIDE MARKETS— Do They Return Profit?

Do you live on a main travel road? If so, have you ever hung out your sign that you have something to sell? Have you ever thought that you might have the very article which the traveling public might need?

Do you, Mr. or Mrs. Farmer, know how to be a salesman? Have you ever really tried to sell your own product at your own price? Is it not a fact you usually take what the buyer offers to pay you?

Do farmers ever try to write an advertisement for what they have to sell? How many farmers really know what to say to a buyer so that his melon or radish might bring a few cents more because its grower said the right word at the right time.

Folks in other lines of business study and read books on salesmanship and they make mighty good wages doing so. When will farm folks think and act along the same lines and be able to sell his or her article at their own price?

Many city folks travel in autos. They have the notion that if they can buy some article of food direct from the producer that it is better and fresher. They are glad to pay as much or more as they have to pay the town or city retailer.

In many sections the roadside market is the fashion. The best quality strawberries Rural Welfare editor ever bought and ate were purchased from an old lady who had a wayside stand where she easily sold out every day. She had her truck patch and picked her own berries. This old girl had more salesmanship in her than 40 average farmers have in them. Learn to sell at your own price. The other fellow does.

ALIENS AT OUR DOOR— Labor on Auction Block.

The cry goes up for labor. Back-breaking work is being sold to the highest bidder. Brawn and brain makes more money than a lot of officeholders.

Big industries want more men. They ask that more aliens be let through our immigrant gates at Ellis Island, New York. Cheaper labor and more of it, is the drive today.

Opinion divides. Some think Uncle Sam has too many foreigners now within our gates. Others say that only the foreign-born will do this heavy drudgery work. American labor refuses to work alongside Jap or Chinaman in the West, the black man of the South or the alien in the East.

There must be some to wear the callous hand or the upper structure of trade and commerce is sure to crumble. Last year the law permitted 52,000 Italians to enter the U. S. A. Last year 63,000 Italians went home. Most of them rich, as riches go in Italy. America lost 11,000 workers.

Italians and southeastern Europeans will still do old-fashioned hard work. Western and northern Europeans are much like Americans. They want to be boss or do office work.

American labor unions are not anxious to have more aliens come to us. Higher wages will prevail if the country is not flooded with cheap foreign labor. The cause of labor looms ahead as the big issue. Votes will be counted and the office seekers will trim their sails to fit the breeze that blows.

The tulip originated somewhere in the Persian highlands and its name was derived in the Latin from the Persian "tulba," another form of "turban."

CHILD NOW PREFERS JAZZ AND MOVIE TO "HOME SWEET HOME"

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER.

WHEN I was a child, all our good times were had in our own homes, in the homes of our neighbors, picnicking in the woods, fishing in the lakes and rivers, riding and driving, in social entertainment provided by the churches, by county fairs and political campaigns.

No social lines were drawn on a basis of money or education. The things that made an outcast, were they convincingly known, were drunkenness or immorality. In those days the people who were persistently intemperate or immoral were lepers, in a class by themselves, shunned by all.

Everyone was interested in the affairs of everyone else.

If a man were sick and behind in his work, half a dozen of his neighbors made a day of it and went and helped him out.

If any woman were ill, the neighboring women in turn each went a day and tidied the sick woman's house, sewed for her children, brushed her hair, gave her a bath, and cheered her soul with the assurance that she would be looked after until she was herself again.

Home as It Used to Be.

The only time I realize that I am past 20 is when I recall the picture of my childhood home, and think of the abounding joy we got from life in keeping a clean house, in entertaining our friends and relations, in making a picture on the landscape with our door yard and garden.

I recall the pride we took in our orchard—a great square of apple trees facing the Spring sky like a big, delicate, white blanket around which the peachblow border of pink was an exquisite sight.

Father took justifiable pride in pruning, trimming and grafting; in having magnificent, juicy, big apples, fine plums, amber cherries, cling and freestone, white and yellow and beet-red, many varieties of grapes, and beautiful vines and flowers and bushes in the door yard, all contributing to make his home a lovely picture, his family luxuriously fed.

Gene Stratton Porter

In this setting we spent our lives seeing how much we could learn, how happy we could be, and to what extent we could help our neighbors.

The greatest pride we took was not in how beautifully we could be dressed nor to how many different places we could go; it was in seeing how much we could crowd into our brains and how many of our friends we could attract to our home by making it a delightful place.

My mother was never so radiant as when she went down the church aisle on Sunday morning followed by the pastor and asking neighbors right and left to come home with us for the day. A hostess of today would be hard put to it to offer the entertainment she set forth in a culinary way. Father made everyone welcome, and used his brains in entertaining our guests.

The "Sweet Home" of Song.

During week days the young folks frequently gathered at some house in the evening to play croquet, the young men to indulge in all sorts of athletics. Each one had a fine saddle horse, and riding parties were greatly enjoyed.

We went flower-gathering in the Spring. We celebrated the harvesting of the grain by a picnic at the river or some nearby lake shore, where we frequently caught and brought home a washtubful of fine big fish.

We went to the nearest swamps and marshes on berrying parties. In the Fall we always went with a team and wagon to gather hickorynuts, butternuts and walnuts for our Winter store.

The heartburnings and dissatisfaction of today were not in existence in those days; everyone came nearer to having the same thing in the same way.

Men had not begun generally to amass the great fortunes that today breed envy and discontent.

Home was really "sweet home"—the center of the social life of each family.

It is not necessary to discuss minutely the change that has come during the past 30 years. In retrospect it seems like the wave of a conjuror's wand, and behold, everything is changed.

The youngsters of the country today very frequently evince not the slightest interest in the bird or flower life around them. They consider it plebeian to fish in the brooks and ride the horses.

If there must be nuts in the garret little brother Johnny, who has not yet become sophisticated, may climb the tree and shake them down, hull, dry, and store them by himself.

But Today——

Country youngsters hate their environment because they feel that they are being defrauded of the lights and the music and the things that look to them like joy. They finish their day's work in the quickest way in order to jump into an automobile and reach the picture show and the dance in the nearest village.

In the cities, home, in too many cases, is merely a convenience where one goes to sleep, or finds shelter if one is ill, although frequently nobody at home has the time to bother with the sick, so one is bundled up and sent to the hospital.

In the matter of finding enterment in dance halls, picture shows, hotels, cafes and resorts, we have gone, as a nation, to the limit.

Our boys, especially the boys of the city, are beginning to show in their physique, in their faces, in the apparent nerve strain, above all in brain power, that they are in no way fitted physically or mentally to cope with life as were their fathers.

Too big a percentage of the girls of both city and country prove by their size, their physique, and their mentality that they are not the equals of their mothers even.

They have a pert sophistication bred by a lifetime of social activity, much travel, and constant intercourse with their elders; but I doubt whether they are capable of concentration, the power to think deep and straight, the impulse to help their fellow men to a higher mental and moral plane.

I know that they have not the physical strength women should have.

A Shocking Sign.

To me the round-shouldered, flat-chested, hollow-eyed, little, painted girls so frequently in evidence on the streets, in the parks, and at social occasions of today are the most shocking sign of deterioration that our age presents; and the boys of their age and association present the same evidence of physical deterioration and mental over-stimulation.

They are bright enough and they are quick enough with their tongues, but they do not think straight and deep.

They are living, not with a view of becoming leaders of men and arbiters of the destiny of our nation, but to see how much they can get out of life for their own gratification.

The boy or girl of today who is interested in doing something big and worth-while for the country or for art or literature, is rare.

When I was in my teens, boys or girls who did not have plans to do something big, to help make the world function in a better way and a fair way to everyone, were scarcely to be found. In a high school containing 300 pupils one could select only 10 or a dozen who were planning their lives for personal gain.

These are the things which we should make a strong preconcerted effor to bring back. I believe that this hour and this minute is the time for parents to do the deepest thinking they ever have done in their lives.

A Job for Parents.

It lies with the fathers and mothers of the city to take the children who are young enough to be malleable, and once again begin the practice of teaching them that home is the best place on earth in which to entertain their friends and to have a good time, that father is the finest man in the world, a person to be respected and to be instantly obeyed, that mother is a precious possession, to be taken good care of in order that she may get joy from life for herself and give to her children the deep pleasure that can be found in the wonderful things that can be done in a home.

In many cases the lure of public entertainments is becoming so firmly fixed that it will scarcely be possible to substitute anything to replace it with this generation, but it can be done with the younger generation if parents care to bestir themselves, to open their doors, to give the youngsters a chance to live their lives as young people best enjoy life.

Youngsters always like it best if they are allowed to bring their friends into their homes and entertain them; if they may have their music, their dancing and other social entertainment with the friends they like best, in the security of home, with the sanction and help of father and mother.

I do not believe that for home entertainment there is anything more beneficial and wonderful than a phonograph and a supply of the world's classics in records.

Music for the Home.

If the ear of a child is trained in childhood to the magnificent sweep of orchestras and overtures, if the great symphonies and sonatas are familiar to him from the cradle, if he is taught harmony and rythm and melody both in music and dancing, he will develop a soul which instinctively recoils from the barbarity and the vulgarity of the jazz noises that everywhere assail our ears in the present day.

Wonderful things are being done in the moving picture studios today. But, as you love your children and value their sensibilities, as you want them to be props and uplifters in the coming life of the nation, do not allow them to see any picture that is not made under the guarantee of a name that stands for the things that are moral and clean.

I mean such pictures as "The Miracle Man," "Humoresque," "Over the Hill," "The Old Nest," "The Danger Curve," most of the Griffith pictures, and everything that is done by Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

Once upon a day a dear and lovely lady pointed out to me the fact that the base of a beautiful mahogany table standing in my home was badly scarred by the marks of little feet that had rested upon it.

She said to me: "Isn't that a pity?"

And I answered her: "Yes, but it would be a far greater pity not to have any little feet to scratch it."

To the highest point of my brain, to the lowest depth of my heart, with all the force of my personality, I plead for homes, for a return to the old-time, sane, healthful, educative ideas of entertainment and amusement.

But don't have anything in a home too good to use.

Don't have it so fine that the children cannot get their joy out of it.

Don't drive them to the cafe, the dance hall, and the picture show because there is nothing entertaining for them to do at home.

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Denmark has established homes for Danish women students in France and in England.

The Righteousness of Success

The International Sunday School Lesson for May 13 Is "David, the Poet King"— I. Sam 16:1-13.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

THE reason there are not more romances of human achievement to stir the hearts of humanity is that most men who undertake to achieve great lives either become satisfied too soon or else discouraged too soon. Only the rare spirit can run the gauntlet of fortune's hard testings. We sometimes talk about the great lives in obscurity, the men and women who never accomplish fine deeds, who failed to "get there;" after all, though, we are conscious that there is lacking to them some one quality of greatness; for the final proof of ability is arrival. David would have been an unsung and forgotten exile—one of the innumerable, unknown victims of the despotism of oriental monarchs—had he not finally, in spite of all, won to his goal.

There is a heresy with which many weaklings and failures console themselves, to the effect that only the coarse and the base are competent to win in life's struggle. This is a grave and fundamental error. Were it true, the implication would be that God's program cannot stand the test of experience, and that all His promises of prosperity for the righteous are void. Surely it is the Lord's desire that the just shall reign in the earth. By the kingship of the heavenly, the kingdom of heaven is to come. The realization of all noble ambitions is in line with the purposes of God; and every time one of His friends settles down in pious complacency to a second-rate life God's designs are thwarted. The Lord would see David sitting on the thrones of all the Sauls on earth. No man need fear having too high an ambition if his purposes are worthy; it is not quantity of ambition, but quality, that sometimes makes it wrong. God does not want His friends to wait until they get to heaven for their crowns.

Fear not to build thine eyrie in the heights
Where golden splendors lay;
And trust thyself unto thine inmost soul.
In simple faith alway;
And God will make divinely Real
The highest forms of thine ideal.
—Anna Preston.

Discovered or Found Out?

A clever epigram says that "It is better to be discovered than to be found out." Worthiness is discovered; unworthiness is found out. Better a fit man in a lower place than an unfit man in a higher; but better yet to be a fit man in the highest place. God's choice of David followed the proof of character in the boy. He had shown the great qualities. His big brothers, like Saul, had royal size, but as he passed them by the Prophet Samuel uttered that wise, wise word which our material-minded day needs so sorely: "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but Jehovah looketh on the heart." It was by inside measurement that David was kingly. So he was early anointed for the crown that was to be his in after years.

Like Mary's message from the angel, this anointing of David must have given him a sense of having been set apart. He became a man with a mission. The consciousness of a great destiny was ever with him. His character had been consecrated. He was God's choice for a sacred service. No other factor can be imparted to youth that will have a more ennobling influence. Sons set apart feel that they must fulfill their destiny. David lived royally, even he became an outcast, the object of a jealous king's fear and hatred. He wore his crown on his soul.

The Magnanimity of the Mighty.

There is a deal of foolish talk about the modesty of genius; yet there never was a great man ignorant of his own powers. Else how could he use them? The genius knows his skill long before the world discovers it. David knew himself to be king of caliber. He had measured himself with Saul, and had demonstrated his own superiority. His experiences in the wilderness had convinced him, as well as others, that he was competent to rule. In the confidence of this vision and faith he could await God's hour for his clock of destiny to strike. He had entered into the patience of the Lord.

David's ability to wait was no more a sign of his inherent greatness than was his magnanimity. A small man simply cannot be magnanimous. The spirit of petty vindictiveness, of brooding over fancied or real slights and wrongs, is a hallmark of littleness of character. The first act of the new king, after he had moved to Hebron, by divine direction, and had been anointed king by the men of Judah, was to show his appreciation for the bravery of the men of Jabesh-Gilead who had rescued from the Philistines the bodies of Saul and his sons. The eulogy of David was a sort of Victoria Cross to be proudly borne.

In thus honoring Saul's friends, and in his summary punishment of the slayers of Saul's son Ishbosheth (who succeeded to the sovereignty of the northern kingdom for a time) and in his public mourning for Abner, the crafty general over the forces of Saul and his son, David proved the mold in which he was cast. A public man must have large capacity for forgiveness. There can be no room in his life for private vengeance and spite. It is noticeable that the smaller and more provincial and ignorant a community the greater the number of petty quarrels and jealousies and neighborhood feuds. Magnanimity is a mark of the mighty.

School That Graduates Kings.

A peculiar quality of this western continent is its genius for producing self-made men. Two empires have been established in North America within less than 150 years; and, greater yet, two nations of imperial men, strong, self-reliant and resolute, have been created. In the process of forming the state, the people have themselves won to sovereignty of character. Out of the new, hard conditions have sprung a new and hardy race. It was in that same school of hardship that David was trained. All the toil and severity and suffering of a shepherd boyhood and of those wilderness years in flight from Saul entered into his character. In mastering untoward conditions he learned to master himself and his fellow men. By a successive facing of emergencies, he equipped himself for the great emergency which in his soul, he knew would eventuate.

This became a life principle with David; when he relapsed from it and allowed his character, like his muscles, to become "soft" he fell into shameful sin. Small duties were his preparation for great. As a shepherd lad, he slew the lion and the bear; and so was made ready to meet Goliath. He ruled well his band of turbulent followers in the wilderness, and so was made ready for the crown of Judah. In the seven years of his kingship he exercised his authority with such tact and beneficence that all Israel knew him for a good and great king, and when Saul's son was out of the way, they sent a deputation to David asking him to rule over them also.

Wisely David had refrained from attempting a short-cut to this goal; in his patience he won his soul and the crown he desired also. He might have wrested the scepter from Ishbosheth by force; instead he conserved his nation's energies, and prepared the way for a harmonious reign, by a policy of peace. Thus began the glorious reign of Israel's greatest king.

The Price of Victory.

Great David, the most lustrous figure in the long history of the Jews, shared the experience of many noble youths who have attained world success. The religious idealism of his earlier years had become blurred. Even while he was conquering the world it was also conquering him. His prize had been won at a high cost. In contemplation of David's entry into the kingship, we may not fail to look a little more closely to see what manner of man he had become. True he is wise and masterful and brave and acquainted with the world's ways and with the nature of men.

We seek in vain, though, for the fresh, buoyant, modest, trustful single-eyed and enthusiastic youth whom we loved at his first appearing. The ruddiness has gone from his cheek and the bloom from his innocence. In bitterness of spirit he has become sophisticated and worldly. His treatment of Saul and his association with the rough characters in the cave of Adullam, has destroyed the fine edge of his open generous nature. The ideals of his youth have been lowered. As is still common with any public characters, he has become wise at the cost of his goodness. He has made concessions to the world that have marred the delicate spirituality of the young man whom Samuel had anointed and Jonathan had loved. Must success among men ever thus take toll of the dreams of youth?

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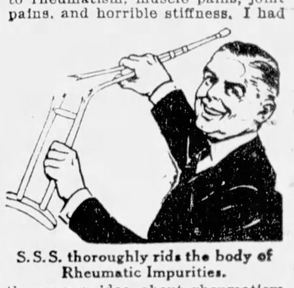

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Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

D. R. Locke's (Nasby's) Newspaper

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers, Toledo, Ohio.

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THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1923

Free speech sounds best in the American language.

A satisfactory way to spend money is to pay the doctor for finding nothing wrong with you.

Men who are now busy following the plow are not worrying about a leader.

Lima Beane says the open mind frequently has to be swept out to get rid of the rubbish.

Come to think of it, the Ten Commandments rigidly observed, also take away a lot of man's so-called "personal liberty."

No matter whether we sprung from a monkey or a piece of mud, the important thing is, have we improved?

Soviet Russia's idea of free speech is to give the firing squad the closing argument.

"German pessimists predict that the wave of feminism in America and Great Britain will subside in a few years." In the meantime millions of German women will continue to be used as beasts of burden.

Anyway, the saxophone player makes more music than the fellow who blows his own horn.

A foreign journalist writes that if Christ were to come to Europe he would be shoved aside and rejected. But probably not if he brought enough money to stake Europe to another war.

Dad and Mam and the Children—Headline
Pillars of the republic.

For the information of those who often wonder if Carrie Chapman Catt has or has ever had a husband let it be known that she has had two. The first lived two years after marriage and the second five. She must have liked both of them, for she keeps the name of each.

Every town should provide the poung people with sparking space.

Opponents of the Eighteenth amendment might keep in mind the fact that this country has never taken the backtrack.

A fixed salary is one that is never raised or lowered.

Should America decide to join the League of Nations, a remote possibility, the other nations would get together and raise the price of admission.

After a man has reached 90 he has time to think about the secrets of longevity.

Europe may yet get around to blaming the United States for her low birthrate.

What has become of the old-fashioned couple who used to quarrel over the proper place to hang 'God Bless Our Home."

If there is anything in spiritualism then there are a lot of mediocre spirits in the other world.

Experience is what you get while you are looking for something else.

If the world ever goes to the dogs it'll be a sad day for the cats.

Some women nurse reform movements because they never had anything else to nurse.

President Harding's forcefulness is a great shock to many Democrats.

So live that you will live longer after you are dead than while you are living.

Sam Hill of the Cincinnati Enquirer is willing to "bet Cupid and the stork will live as long as the world does." The old world wouldn't last long, Sam, without the help of those grand team-workers.

Never discourage the dog that feels he would like to know you. There may come a time when you will need his friendship.

They used to call the saloon the poor man's club because it kept the poor man poor.

If things keep on the way they are now, says a Montreal alienist, everybody will be crazy twenty-five years hence. Even so, if everybody's crazy nobody will know it.

A 14-year-old evangelist says "the world is going to hell." That lad's father could testify that the world was going to hell years before he was born. It's a long journey.

Luxuries of yesterday are the necessities of today.

When a young man brags about having broken the law prison reform loses some of its attraction as an uplift movement.

It's time for the Democratic party to take its thumb out of Jimmy Cox's eye and let him up. He has promised to let the party use his name as a candidate for the presidential nomination.

When a politician announces "you may quote me as saying," he hasn't much to say.

Sanity isn't what it used to be.

Lassen Peak is said to be the only active volcano in this country. But what is meant may be that Lassen Peak is the only active volcano out of congress.

"A Chicago psychologist announces that America's mentality is slipping." That man is taking the talk of Ford for President too seriously.

There is the modest man and then there is the one who fears that if he were to hide his light beneath a bushel the world would be left in darkness.

Individual theft is a capital crime in Soviet Russia. If there is to be any stealing in that country the government stands ready to do it.

Confusion Is Not Progress

Nowhere in the world except in the United States may a man run for office under the emblem of one party and, if elected, use his influence for the aggrandizement of an opposing party. Nowhere else is a party platform held to have no binding power upon an officeholder who has been elected as the supporter of that platform. In other countries political treachery classifies with all other kinds of disloyalty.

"We have come to the time," says President Harding, "when a party platform is regarded by too many men in public life as even less important than a scrap of paper, and groups of blocs are turned to serve group interests, and many individuals serve their own, while contempt for party conferences or caucus has sent party loyalty pretty much into the discard."

If the disintegration of party discipline and party allegiance meant evolution or progress the present chaotic state of our politics might be viewed with complaisance. But it does not represent a change for the better.

The organization of blocs in congress has failed to bring benefits to the groups the blocs speak for just as it has failed to improve the lot of citizens in general. The selfish politician who, though chosen as a partisan, has proclaimed his independence is not really independent. He swings with every tide of public feeling. He wavers as he thinks the wind of public opinion is swinging. He poses one day as superior to all platform responsibilities and upon the next crawls upon his stomach for partisan favors. We have not come into a new and brighter hour of political activities, but into one in which no voter may know but that what his man stands for during a campaign will be the things he will fight after election day.

Let us understand thoroughly that there is no practical and worthy substitute for the party system in existence. It has not yet been invented. Until it has we will have to stick to the present system, look to it for means of obtaining desired legislation, expect of its servants loyalty and honor.

If we cannot have these things we will have only political confusion and muddle.

A Fair Article of Peace

The occupation of the Ruhr district is now a matter of months. Though every few days a rumor circles the globe to the effect that a settlement is about to be arranged the tales come to nothing. The Germans display the best of their racial gifts at obstincy. The French, an ingenious people, devise new ways constantly for presenting the methods of conquest to the world as if they were no such thing.

There is some satisfaction to be gleaned from this endurance contest. For it plainly indicates that Europe is not by any means as eager for fresh outbreaks of war as has been claimed by travelers, writers and even statesmen. The invasion of the Ruhr furnished an excuse for the German "war of revenge." It could have served Russia for that westward march so frequently predicted. The adventure strained existing alliances to the breaking point. Yet none of the promised happenings happened. Europe kept the peace, and beyond an occasional riot in the Ruhr and a little deadly shooting on the part of the French the continent has been no more restless, no more uneasy and belligerent, than it was before the Poilus took up the task of wringing reparations out Germany by main strength.

Considering how easy it was for the Europeans to take up the business of blowing one another to bits where they left off, and that they didn't make a step in that direction, Americans ought to discount a great amount of the talk of a need of intervention in the Old World. The only reason for intervening would be for the sake of peace. And peace Europe has, however uncertain its quality. Even Mexico, under American occupation, would not be as quiet and humdrum as the Ruhr valley is now. Nor would the rest of Latin-America be as restrained of speech as is Europe outside of France and Germany.

Air Mail From Sea to Sea

Shortly before noon on a July or August day an aerial mail pilot will take off from New York. That evening, while the sun is setting, he will be in Chicago. The mail sacks will be transferred to another machine, a night-flyer whose destination is Cheyenne, Wyoming. It will be morning when this point is reached. A third machine will take the day to cross the Rockies and the Sierras. It will be due in San Francisco before nightfall.

The postoffice department is engaged in organizing the most ambitious aerial service so far attempted anywhere in the world. The service will be daily, and will be allowed twenty-eight or thirty hours to fly from sea to sea. One of the biggest parts of the task is illumination for the birdmen who must make their way in the dark between Chicago and Cheyenne. There will be beacons at suitable distances. The airplanes will carry powerful searchlights. Every twenty-five miles there will be emergency landing fields.

The next generation will, of course, take aerial navigation and its conquest of distance as a matter of course. But adults of today will probably never cease to marvel over it all their lives. They are that near to the time when a four-day railroad journey across the continent represented a wonderful achievement in time-saving. Most of them recall the day when it seemed absurd that automobiles would even dare the rough passes through the mountains to the Pacific. It is but a little while since the Wright brothers put a strain upon credulity by reporting that they had kept their flying machine in the air for almost half an hour.

Perhaps there are a few old-timers who, in their youth, rode the pony express. This service carried mail at $5 a letter and written upon tissue paper to save weight from the terminus of the railroad at the Missouri river to the Golden Gate. Time, ten days to two weeks. The riders, assuming any of them to be left, will realize more fully than any other people what vast changes have come about between the mail carrier who feared being pierced by Indian arrows and the pilots who have to fear falling.

Surplus White Collars

The increase in the number of persons working at white collar jobs has been about 65 per cent in ten years. In the same period the number of farmers and farm laborers have decreased. There are fewer masons, carpenters, painters and tailors.

These facts explain some of the details of the reports upon the labor shortage. Workers are wanted in the rolling mills, the textile factories, upon the farms and in the copper and iron mining districts. But there is plenty of "office help." In a month this Spring wage increases have been granted in nearly 300 lines of enterprise. But the increases apply to hard labor. No word is said about the adjustment of incomes for white collar jobs.

In Europe a very sharp social line is drawn between manual workers and workers who sit at desks, sell commodities, handle accounts and follow the professions. The same thing is so noticeable in South America that it has been made the subject of comment. Thus in Argentina, travelers have observed that the carrying of even small hand baggage is a breach of the caste customs. In Chilean street cars white collar folks may not ride in the compartments reserved for laborers, though the laborers have the airier quarters, save at risk to social standing.

Through some blessings of providence these distinctions have never taken firm root in American soil. Some of the sons of our "first families" have actually displayed gifts in covering hands and faces and clothes with machinery lubricants.

The absence of a distaste for manual work as a violation of social rules will help a great deal in the forthcoming readjustment. For readjustment there will have to be. Manual labor will have to be performed and the recruits for it must come shortly from the surplus white collar class. We cannot look for them abroad any longer.

The young man who must make his own way in the world and is shrewd enough to avoid adopting an occupation of poor returns and high competition will find his best opportunity in the mechanical trades. They are not overcrowded and they have come into the possession of a lever for constantly bettering their remuneration.

"Political Prisoners" Again

A memorial, presented to President Harding by the District of Columbia department of the American Legion, condemns "the active and continuing efforts of organizations and individuals in sympathy with sedition to secure the release of the criminals who in the days of war gave aid and comfort to the enemy, tried to seduce American manhood from its duty and by means covert and open sought to bring defeat to American arms in a war for civilization."

It is small wonder that the American Legion looks with hostility upon the endeavors of Socialist and Communist organizations, the wilder shades of the radical press and Senator Borah to obtain the freedom of political prisoners self-styled. The members of the Legion were exposed to the war which the pro-Germans carried on in the rear of the army. They were endangered by poisoned food, weakened railroad bridges, infernal machines in supply ships, defects in weapons and ammunition. Only recently Mr. Gompers told of immense bribes that were offered to union leaders to call strikes that would embarrass our conduct of the war. Unquestionably in other instances bribes were accepted, aid and comfort were given to the enemy, deliberate and organized attempts were made to create dissensions against the draft and to place those who were dutiful and patriotic in peril.

The average private citizen, unacquainted with the details of the war that was conducted against America at home, has hardly cared one way or another whether the prisoners were released. He would not turn over his hand to keep them locked up or to give them their liberty. We believe that the American Legion can be looked to for guidance in this matter. The Legionaires have a very vital interest in it. Until they feel moved to look upon the prisoners as the victims of oppression their sympathizers describe them to be the rest of us need waste no tears. We imagine that the Legion will fall into that melting mood about the same time the Texas rancher pats the head of the rattlesnake he has found in his dooryard.

Wishing and working make an effective combination.

WHERE THE BABY IS KING

Germans Raise More Kiddies Than Ever

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

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"Only a baby small,
Dropt from the skies."

I WRITE of the babies of Germany. They may be small but they bulk large in the everlasting struggle between the Germans and French.

The French birth rate is dropping. The German birth rate is increasing, and, what is of immense importance, the Germans are breeding more boys than girls and the surplus of boy babies has increased since the war. In 1918, out of about 950,000 babies, the boys exceeded the girls by 36,000; in 1919 they surpassed them by 43,000; and in 1920 there were 61,000 more boys born than girls. In the latter year the crop of babies exceeded the crop of 1918 by more than 50 per cent.

Stork Nests in Germany.

For generations the stork has preferred Germany to France as its favorite nesting place. About 50 years ago the populations of the two countries were almost the same. France had then 36,000,000, and Germany less than 4,000,000 more. Today France has less than 40,000,000 while the Germans, notwithstanding their losses during the World war, have increased to 60,000,000 or more. This is so in spite of the large emigration from Germany and the fact that there has been practically no emigration from France. During my stay in Paris I found the French government doing everything it could to increase the birth rate, but so far the results are not flattering. More than one-sixth the babies born in that country do not reach the age of 12 months, and there is a large number of illegitimate children who are abandoned by their parents. There are numerous foundling asylums and baby hospitals but they lack the scientific efficiency of the German institutions of a similar kind, and the mortality is far greater than it should be.

Here in Germany the angels who watch over the babies go on the theory expressed in John Hay's "Little Breeches:"

"I think that saving a little child
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the throne."

These people consider their babies a national asset, and, legitimate or illegitimate, every effort is made to keep them alive and bring them to manhood. They have more than 2,000 children's bureaus which watch over the little ones. They have asylums and hospitals which take care of the poor, and there are homes to which the unmarried mother can go before the birth of her child and can stay for a period of two years, earning her living by doing sewing, an art which is taught her. The object is to keep the mother and baby together. If the mother had to work outside for her living, she would have to farm out her baby or put it where she could see it but seldom. While she is at work in the home, the nurses take care of the children and everything is done to make them healthy and happy. Another reason for keeping the mother and child together is that the father of the child often visits the mother, and in many cases a marriage results. I saw an exhibition of the sewing which these women do. The work is excellent. It consists mostly of garments for children and babies.

Babies in Glass Cases.

Baby hospitals are to be found here and there all over Germany. They are operated after the most modern child-health methods and from them goes out propaganda as to the caring for babies which reaches every family of the Republic. They send out picture postals with German poetry on them directing attention to the faults and virtues of certain ways of child rearing and some of the pictures are in duplicate telling you just how to handle and how not to handle your offspring. They give instructions as to the care of the milk, feeding the cows, and as to everything under the sun that has to do with baby farming.

Take, for instance, the model of all baby hospitals here in Berlin. It is known as the Kaiserin-Auguste-Viktoria-Haus and at its head is Professor Dr. Langstein, the foremost baby specialist of Europe. Here the babies are kept in glass cases, the rooms are shut off, and the breath of a visitor is not allowed to get near the mouths of the little ones.

The hospital is in the heart of the city, and is one of the finest of the institutions of its kind. It was built before the war, when money was plenty, and it has all the appliances that modern science can furnish. I visited it yesterday. In going through I was permitted to look into the rooms, but only through a glass set in each door. The reason for this is to guard against any contagion that might come to the babies. This precaution is carried to such an extreme that the nurses who handle the very young children are allowed to do so only with a mask which covers both nose and mouth and prevents their breath coming in contact with the child. Nearly every baby was enclosed in glass screens, so that it could not affect the other babies in the same room; and some of the rooms were filled with incubators where the babies have just the right heat and other conditions to prevent them from dying. Indeed, if a baby should draw its first breath in this hospital, I doubt that it could die if it would.

One floor of the hospital is devoted to the healthy babies and another to the sickly ones. There are rooms of different classes, ranging in price from 15 to five cents per day, according to the rank of the patient. The first-class rooms which cost 15 cents are like those of any large private hospital, and they are fitted up for one baby only. In the five-cent rooms several women may sleep after the birth of their babies; in the 15-cent ones only one mother.

As I went through the halls I saw a number of women who were expecting babies. They come to the hospital and work for their board during this time. Some of them were carrying food.

The Kaiserin-Auguste-Victoria-Haus has 14 wet nurses, and it makes a specialty of having a nurse for each child. All the nurses must keep on their nose masks.

In the milk kitchen I saw women sterilizing hundreds of bottles, and in the chemical laboratories the doctors were analyzing and investigating every kind of food and other things that has to do with the health of the children. In the X-ray room a child, not more than one month of age, was lying under the camera. It was being treated according to a new method for curing a certain disease.

What I have written is the bright side of the baby picture. It has its dark side as well. Just now the poverty of Germany hangs like a pall over infancy. Thousands of families are on the edge of starvation, and their children are underfed and underclad. I remember a sentence of Nietzsche, the great German advocate of war as the upbuilder of nations. He said: "Children who prefer sweetmeats to bread, destroy their digestion." If Nietzsche were alive he could see no such danger now, for the little ones of his country have neither bread nor sweets to digest.

Indeed, it is difficult for their parents to keep the babies alive. I hear of new-born infants being wrapped in paper instead of clothing, and of their lying naked on straw. With such conditions cleanliness is impossible. The problem of tens of thousands of families is how to buy milk for the babies and any kind of food for the older children. In the poorer quarters of the cities one sees stunted boys and girls of 12 who do not look to be more than seven or eight, and those of eight who appear not over five or six. It seems to me that the life has gone out of the little ones of the third and fourth grade schools. They are pale and anaemic and they lack pep. They recall Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem about the children who labored on their hands and knees, harnessed like ponies, dragging coal cars in the mines of England years ago. That poem stirred the nation to its depths and aided in taking the little ones out of the mines and factories. I quote only one verse:

"Do you hear the children weeping,
O my brothers.
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads
against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the
meadows,
The young birds are chirping in
the nest,
The young fawns are playing with
the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing
toward the west—
But the young, young children, O
my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime
of the others,
In the country of the free.

In a Day Nursery.

At the same time the cities and individuals are doing all they can to better these conditions in every possible way. They have established day nurseries in all of the cities and an immense amount of relief work goes on. The Quakers of the United States have done a great deal, the German Red Cross has its branches for children's aid, and every attempt is being made to ration the babies and keep them alive. In the day nurseries the children are left while their mothers go out to work, and thousands of mothers are now working who have not had to do so in the past.

Take, for instance, a day nursery which I visited this week. It is in the heart of fashionable Berlin and it looks after 45 children whose mothers work all day long for about two cents per hour. The children bring the prescribed food for their noon meal with them to the nursery and it is cooked by the nurses. Each child has a paper or cloth bag and two score such bags were hanging to hooks in the hall of the nursery over the hats and cloaks when I came in. They were empty, for the little ones had just had their dinner and were sleeping. I was shown one bag which had not been used. It contained a few potatoes and an apple and this was what made the meal. The apples and potatoes are cooked together and the children often have no other food. The little ones were sleeping, and the nurse warned us to move quietly as she gently opened the door of a room perhaps 20 feet square. It was filled with boys and girls of from two to eight years of age, lying on the floor, side by side, in rows. They wore patched clothing and looked neat, but only a few had undergarments, although it was Winter. The nurse picked up one boy and took him out into the hall. He seemed to be about four years of age but he told me he was eight, going on nine. He was a nice little fellow, but he looked wan and worn. He is a type of many of the children in the German primary schools of today.

Underfed School Children.

After leaving the day nursery, I visited one of the best of the public schools of Charlottenburg, a fashionable quarter of the German capital. The school is surrounded by magnificent homes and fine apartment buildings. It was built just before the war and it accomodates more than 900 pupils, having a playground of about half an acre. At the time of its construction the people were rich, and it has the most up-to-date of all school machinery and is the last word in advanced public school work. I went through room after room with the principal, and in none did I find the children looking well-fed. Many of them were two-thirds the size of our boys and girls of the same grades in the United States. I saw child after child who had great lumps in its neck and other evidences of tuberculosis, and my heart fell as I passed through certain rooms where the children as a class were weak mentally and had to have educational methods much under their age on that account. Some of these children are cared for by the Quakers, who are doing a great deal of good.

Cooking on Short Rations.

A striking incident was my visit to the cooking school where 20 as nice looking girls of 10 or 12 as any we have at home were learning the culinary art by preparing a dinner for themselves. I was told that the days on which they had cooking lessons were the star days of the week, as it was then only that they could be sure of a square meal. There were a number of fine gas ranges in the room and the cooking utensils, bought before the war, were excellent.

And what do you think they were cooking? Each girl had the same things for her meal. They consisted of a few cabbage leaves, some raw potatoes, just peeled, and a tablespoonful of margarine and lard. This is the usual day's ration and it is cooked in a stew. The teacher told me, however, that they had that morning, for the first time, some meat to add to he meal. They had a whole pound for these 20 live, active 12-year-old girls, and this was to be distributed throughout the class so a little could be mixed with the potatoes and cabbage. It would be less than a mouthful of meat for each girl, but it would flavor the dish.

I visited this school with my lady interpreter and Frau Dr. Vollhals, a child health specialists of the German Red Cross. As we left the building I asked the two ladies to take lunch with me at my hotel. Lunch was served in my apartment and among the dishes were some delicious venison, every bit of which was consumed. As it came on the table I spoke of the pound, off the neck of a bull, which we had seen at the school, and asked the ladies to estimate the weight of the venison steak we had before us. They guessed two pounds and a half, and that was none too much for us three grown-ups, whereas one pound had to do for those 20 growing girls. In addition we had clear turtle soup at the start, some potato patties, and ice cream with fruit and coffee to close. There must be something wrong with a world where such diverse conditions can exist within pistol shot of each other.

In One of Germany's Baby Hospitals

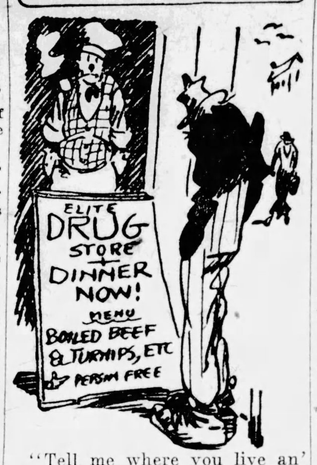
—Copyright Carpenter's World Travels.

IN the baby hospitals of Germany the most scientific methods are used, as Germany is desirous of raising many babies. Visitors can see new arrivals only through glass. The nurses wear nose masks to prevent contagion.

Leipzig Fair Draws Many Foreign Visitors

Official statistics on attendance at the annual Leipzig Spring fair show there were 166,000 visitors, surpassing the record figure of last year. Approximately 23,500 of the visitors were foreigners.

ABE MARTIN



"Tell me where you live an' I'll take you home," said Constable Plum, t'day, t' a stylishly rigged woman that broke her thigh, but she declined, sayin' it wuz too dull and monotonous there.

Pony Mopps is the new president of th' Reasonable Enforcement an' Truckin' Company.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

The Beefing Crowd

I WALK along the village street, for ever more I rubber; and so much misery I meet I often sigh and blubber. We hear so much of Sunny Jims you'd think we'd meet them daily, and see them prance on buoyant limbs to scatter sunshine gayly. But nearly all the chaps I know are specialists in sorrow; in their desire to corner woe they'll kidnap grief or borrow. "Good day," I cry to Quentin Quack; "you're looking blithe and speedy." "I have a green pain in my back," he says, "and I feel seedy." 'Ods hods," I say to Widow Prigg, "I hope you're stacking proper." "Oh, some one stole my Airedale pig, and now I hunt a copper." And when I meet the merchant prince with sorrow he is dizzy; a merchant has no profit since the income tax got busy. The undertaker, in his store, says vain is his endeavor, for men don't perish any more, they're bound to live forever. And so I hear the people beef, whom dire misfortune pinches; they measure by the yard their grief, their gladness by the inches. It is a habit punk and stale, and one that should be shaken; a quart of tears will not avail, but smiles bring home the bacon.

Copyright, 1923, George Matthew Adams.

JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Brotherhood

Is it not queer, oh, brother of mine,
Some drink water and some drink wine,
And all are born with a spark divine.

Some must sweat at the heavy work,
One be the priest and one the clerk,
One adventure where dangers lurk.

This man stands at a lathe all day,
That man tolls in a cleaner way,
But both are serving the world for pay.

What if the priest should quit his beads
And tell us that useless things are creeds?
Lost were much that this old world needs.

And what if the sailor should quit the sea,
Or the singer silence his melody,
Where would our pride and our glory be?

What if the man at the lathe should say:
"Never again will I stand all day
Fashioning things of steel for pay?"

Oh, brother o' mine, you would find this true:
The humblest work that a man can do
Is done to make lighter the load for you.

The sound of the hammer, the hiss of the steam,
The tailor stitching a garment's seam,
Are vital things in the greater scheme.

Vain are the glorious deeds we boast
Save that the commoner keeps his post,
For the lowliest man would be missed the most.

(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest)

VARIETIES

The present Nevada legislature has four women members.

There are eighteen universities in Great Britain and Ireland.

St. Paul's cathedral covers an area of two and a quarter acres.

Paris plans to spend $750,000 this year in providing public baths.

Gold leaf was used on the tombs and monuments of ancient Egypt.

Twenty million brass vanity cases were used in this country last year.

Today Japan is a close rival of Germany in the manufacture of rubber toys.

In the arctic regions of northern Canada the thermometer goes to 91 below zero.

The heat of the sun is about 46,000 times as intense as the heat of the earth.

Iron was first made from iron ore in the American colonies at Jamestown in 1608.

Europe owes us $1,000,000,000 of interest every year on public and private loans.

Algerians have found that foreign seeds grow better in their country than their own.

Most of the asbestos used in the world comes from the province of Quebec, Canada.

Among the Bechuanas the men plow, and it is taboo for a woman to touch the cattle.

Rousselot, French Catholic priest, invented numerous devices for the recording of sound.

More than 12,000,000,000 letters are handled in the United States postoffice every year.

The highest temperature ever recorded at Havana is 101 degress and the lowest 50 degrees.

Inhabitants of the United States consume an average of 3.2 bushels of potatoes a year each.

The making of a set of good ivory billiard balls requires the joint labor of half a dozen experts.

A South American Indian tribe is ruled by a woman whose every utterance is a word of law.

A Bohemian scientist has discovered that there is aluminum in small quantities in desert plants.

Statistics prove that England spends more on alcohol than Scotland, relative to population.

When an object is hot, the millions of atoms that compose the object are vibrating very fast.

A rich oil field in nothern Canada is so far away it would cost $50,000,000 to run a pipe line to it.

New York city has rain, on the average, every three days, with a normal annual fall of 44.63 inches.

Bowling on the green is one of the oldest games in existence and dates back to the ancient days of Egypt.

In England, as late as the eighteenth century, it was thought unfitting for a clergyman to eat mince pie.

A parasite resembling the human hookworm has been found in domestic pigs in Trinidad, British West Indies.

The only monument in the world erected "to the memory of Adam, the First Man," is to be seen in Baltimore.

On the whole continent of Europe according to the latest statistics, women outnumber the men by 25,000,000.

Japan is importing American bullfrogs to kill insects in the rice fields and also to provide a dainty addition to Japanese diet.

Thousands of date palms set out by Jesuit missionaries in Lower California in 1720 are still producing quantities of high-class fruit.

The Isle of Pines gets its name from its forest of pine trees, said to exist there at lower altitudes than anywhere else in the tropics.

The latest figures show that there are more than 400 fox farms in Canada, representing an invested capital of more than $5,000,000.

The crab packing industry is worth more than $1,000,000 a year to Virginia, which state supplies one-half the entire American output.

The average yield of potatoes to the acre in the United States varies from about 60 bushels in Texas to more than 200 bushels in Maine.

White children in central Europe from five to 20 years old have more than 10 times as many decayed teeth as Zulu children of the same age.

Tuberculosis among Eskimos is very prevalent on account of their habit of the whole family sleeping together in an unventilated room.

A new lens nearly twice as fast as lenses previously used has been made for use in taking motion pictures where the lighting in poor.

The manufacture of paper was an important industry in Japan as far back as the sixth century, the art having been introduced from China.

With the exception of one or two other metals, such as nickel, which are only faintly magnetic, iron is the only known metal with powers of magnetism.

Mahogany was first introduced in Europe by a sea captain, who, thinking it worthless, ballasted his ship with the wood when returning from the West Indies.

Fliers of the British royal air force carry mail from the Land of Pyramids over the Holy Land and across more than 500 miles of desert to Bagdad in one day.

The first three high-speed motion picture cameras in the world were built in 1913 for the United States navy's scientific study of the motions of projectiles in flight.

Cactus fed to cattle, after the spines have been removed by burning, causes a decrease in the percentage of butterfat in the milk, but it is not yet known why.

An enormous number of snail shells are found in the Colorado desert, while living snails of the same species are found near the outlying springs and rivulets.

Slate dust from waste slate mixed with a binder is being used in England for making ordinary dwelling houses in from 10 to 14 days at a cost about half that of brick.

The chocolate manufacturer simply repeats on a large scale the various steps in curing, roasting, crushing and rolling as they were first learned from the Indians.

Mental power rises to a high point at 11 A. M., drops at noon, and then rises again about 2 P. M., with a gradual decline to the end of the day, psychological tests show.

Naptha and quicklime are supposed to have been the principal ingredients of the liquid fire invented by the old Greek architect Callinicus, in 678 A. D., for use in warfare.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

YOUR MOTHER

BY MARTHA HOLDEN

WHEN big guns were booming, rifles were cracking, machine guns were hammering and death-dealing shells were making the roads and villages of Northern France an inferno on earth a few years ago; when grim olive drab hosts were pushing, ever forward, through the barbed wire barricades and the tangled thickets of the Argonne there was not much time to think of anything but the terrible destruction. But later when tired doughboys curled up in some shell hole to sleep after a hard day's fighting, when other soldiers, behind the lines waiting for their turn, sat down on the hay in the French stables that were their homes their thoughts invariably were of home and the queen of that home—Mother.

When the little shaver of three or four years fell down and bumped his head, when the one-year-old tot got hungry or his little eyelids began to droop with drowsiness he looked for someone to kiss away the hurt of the fall, to feed him or to rock him in his little crib and the someone whom he called with his sweet baby voice was—Mamma.

When the young man, gone wrong, fell into the law's clutches for his misdeed, when the stern judge passed sentence upon him, his thoughts were upon the home he had to leave and the sweet-faced woman who presided over that home—Mother. When visiting day came at the prison where Sonny was confined and he was called to the visitors' room, his face beamed as the cell door clanged behind and he saw, waiting patiently for him, his one true friend—Mother.

It is the mother of man who is man's best friend, for she is his friend in time of need. It is not when his pockets are crammed full of money and the rewards of success are being heaped upon him that a man's mother is his friend. It is the same to her whether the laurel wreath of victory is perched upon his brow, or the clouds of failure and ruin depress him. He is her son. She is ready to comfort him in time of distress, to fill him full of new hope, to give him courage to resolve to overpower all obstacles.

One day each year has been set aside when sons and daughters are asked to pay tribute to their mothers. Mother's day is the second Sunday in May—this year it will be on May 13.—We have days for celebrating this and that but the greatest of all is Mother's day.

Many times has this nation of ours paid tribute to its great soldiers, its great sailors, its great statesmen. The memory of Lincoln is revered; George Washington is honored by everyone. Several years ago, on Armistice day, the entire country bowed its head in silent tribute to the memory of the unknown soldier who was buried at Arlington with the President of the United States and the army and navy there to do him honor. The wheels of industry ceased to revolve, flags flew at half-mast from every flagpole, great guns boomed forth their toll of tribute and bugles softly blew taps as the unnamed hero's body was lowered into its final resting place in the land for which he battled so gallantly.

Somewhere there was a mother to this unknown warrior, where, no one knew. But each mother of an unidentified dead hero must have been thrilled to think that it might be her son who was so honored, the son she had given to his country. The mother of a soldier hero should be proud. She raised a man. Lincoln, Washington, the soldier heroes, all men who have achieved fame owe it principally to their mothers.

Do you suppose Lincoln and Washington would have been so able if it had not been for the women who molded their lives when young—their Mothers? Do you suppose the men who sailed across the seas and battled so gloriously at St. Mihiel and the Argonne, who sent the German war lords scurrying to Holland in cowardly flight, would have been so successful if it had not been for the women who bravely sent them forth to camp and trench, holding back their tears until they were out of sight—their Mothers?

This nation, any nation depends chiefly for its success upon its family life. And the person responsible for happy family life is the woman who, unsung and unheralded, works diligently from morning to night to keep the family intact—Mother. Father may be the wage earner, but it is Mother's hand that feeds the little children, Mother's work that keeps the home habitable, Mother's caresses that soothe the ill, Mother's kindness that comforts the troubled ones.

So on Mother's day wear a flower in her honor. If you are living far away from your mother, write her a nice long letter; if you live near visit her and cheer her up with the thought that all her work has not been in vain, that her sons and daughters appreciate her. If she has passed away to the Great Beyond, think of her and then try to make someone else's mother happy.

You may be a great man or a great woman now. The world may regard you with deep respect, your word may be the law of thousands, but all of this respect, all of this power would not have been yours if your Mother had failed in her duty.

The way of mankind is fickle. You may be commended one day and denounced the next by your friends, but to your Mother you are always the same. You are her son or her daughter and she loves you as a son or a daughter. So just remember this Mother's day that your greatest friend is the woman who watched over you in your crib, who instantly was at your side did you but cry out in the night, who helped you so patiently to learn to toddle, who rocked you to sleep, dressed you and bathed you, the woman who hovered nearby when you were ill, the woman who is your Mother.

The greatest love of all is mother love, so the respect you pay her on Mother's day, the devotion you show her, the gifts you bestow upon her, everything you do for her cannot in any way repay her for what she has done for you.

Mother's day is the day set aside in honor of the greatest, the kindest, the most loyal of all human beings—Mother. Every day should be Mother's day.

"A mother is a mother still
The holiest thing alive."

Book Censor Foe Puts Children on Diet of Fact

Bernarr Macfadden, father of physical culture, has stopped telling his children fairy tales and reads everything published to them. He has challenged Justice Ford of the supreme court of New York to a debate on the so-called National Clean Books League. Mr. Macfadden has six daughters and says his policy will make them know good from evil, as literature should reflect life as it is, and not only the rose tints.

Mixing With Martha

Rhubarb and Orange Marmalade.

Peel the yellow rind from half a dozen oranges, rejecting all the bitter white. Cut the pulp in small pieces, taking care that no seeds go in. Put the pulp and peel cut in fine strips in the preserving kettle, together with two pounds of rhubarb cleaned but not peeled and cut in inch pieces, and a pound and a half of sugar. Simmer until the orange peel is tender and the marmalade thick, then put in glasses or little cheese jars.

Mexican Hash.

Two pounds good brisket of beef, two tablespoonful butter or drippings, one pint dried Lima beans, one large onion chopped, one sweet red pepper (seeds removed) chopped fine, flour and salt. Cut meat in small pieces, removing surplus fat, but leaving enough fat on to make it tasty and brown in butter or drippings. After beans have soaked for a couple of hours at least, drain them and cover with fresh water. Heat slowly, keeping water just below boiling point. Add salt, meat, onion and pepper and cook slowly until meat and beans are tender, removing water if necessary. Thicken with sauce with flour.

Excellent Pie Crust.

Three cups flour, one scant cup lard, teaspoonful salt, one-half cup boiling water. Sift flour and salt. Make hole in the center of the flour, then put in lard and pour boiling water over it. Mix thoroughly with fork or spoon. In warm weather it is best to let the crust cool before rolling out.

Eggless Devil's Food.

Two cups brown sugar, one-half cup shortening, one-half cup sour or sweet milk, two heaping tablespoonfuls cocoa, one cup hot coffee, three teaspoonfuls soda, one teaspoonful cinnamon and one-half teaspoonful vanila. Add an egg if desired.

Strawberry Whip.

Put into a bowl one and one-quarter cups of strawberries, cut small, one cup of powdered sugar and the white of one egg. Beat this mixture about 30 minutes, when it should be stiff enough to hold in shape. Pile on a dish, chill in the refrigerator, surround with lady fingers or small pieces of white cake and serve with a simple cold boiled custard.

Braised Cabbage.

One cabbage, two large onions, one-fourth cup of butter, one-fourth teaspoonful pepper, three cloves, two green apples, one tablespoonful of salt, one-half cup of vinegar, one cup of water. Melt the butter and add the chopped onions and apples. Cook these for three minutes, then add the cabbage shredded, and all the other ingredients. Cover the saucepan and let simmer for two and one-half hours. This is delicious.

Tempting Salad.

Chop cabbage fine and half as much carrot grated. Marinate with two tablespoonfuls vinegar and one tablespoon sugar. Press out all juice through a colander. Pile on hearts of lettuce and top with mayonnaise and a half walnut meat.

Dried Mushroom Sauce.

This sauce is used by the Italian cooks for spaghetti, macaroni, tagliarini and fish. Cover one-fourth of a cup of dried mushrooms with one cup of hot water and let stand one hour. Remove the mushrooms, cut in pieces and save the liquor. Place in a sauce pan four tablespoonfuls of olive oil and add one finely chopped onion and one tablespoonful of parsley leaves. Cook until the onion is clear. Add the mushrooms and a teaspoonful of Italian tomato conserve or one cup of cooked tomatoes, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, the mushroom water, one cup of beef stock and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Let simmer for 10 minutes.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Patience is the most necessary thing in this world.
—Confucius.

DREAMS OF COUSINS

Can you imagine it, dear cousins, an old-fashioned rose garden filled with blooms! It was the other night that I dreamed I was in such a garden with the yellow, red, white and pink roses all about me. I was musing, half dreaming among the damask roses and the book I had with me slid to the ground.

In such a strange and delightful dream was it no wonder that a very unusual thing occurred? In the warm air weighted down heavily by the breath of hundreds of roses a figure suddenly appeared. I looked closer, the figure was familiar. Yes, it was that of Fox Hunter. His suit was brown, the only kind that becomes a hunter, and his noble fox hound impatiently sniffed the air. I dared not move for fear he should disappear. But it was no use for he politely doffed his cap and was gone.

Another figure appeared, and I recognized it, too. It was Dixie Moonbeam, and she was draped in a charming gown of shadowy, silver lace. How beautiful she looked, but before I could speak she had bowed gracefully and with a smile had disappeared.

Next came our dear friend, Don Quixote, my favorite. In his romantic Spanish costume he appeared at the best advantage and the scroll he held in his hand I knew must contain some of his poems. I watched him until he had made a low courtesy of Spanish fashion and had faded away.

Then came lofty King Philip, in all his splendor of velvet and ermine. Following him was Anne of Green Gables with her Nile green skirt, black bodice and white cap. Close after her was Fairy Queen in a dress of floating white gauze, and Abigail Gray, in her modest Quaker gown.

Weary soon wandered in wearing a robe of shimmering satin, closely followed by Elf of the Hills with his green suit and woodland horn. One after another the cousins drifted in—so many that I cannot remember them all. When I awoke from my delightful dream I believed it was the most pleasant I had ever had. She who sees you in dreams—Wood Nymph.

ROBIN USES PORCH SWING

Lo, everybody! May I take up a corner for a while as I have a few things to say?

We are having some fine bird letters. Let me tell you about the robin that is building in the porch swing on our front porch this year. We have vines at each end of the porch and the birds often build there, but I never knew one to build in the swing before.

I love birds, although I know so little of them or their habits. I think anyone who can kill a bird because of its feathers is simply cruel.

Just Paula, I too wish that Mrs. Bachelor Billy would write us, if Bill has forsaken the page. Just Paula said she has been married for six years and still can speak of her husband as the best man ever. Surely the world has not gone clear to smash on the rocks.

It took me some time to get to our circle, but now I'm here. Cousins, I'm with you all for Auntie and our wonderful page. If at first you don't succeed, try, try agin.—Dere Mable or Bee Dee.

FLATTERS WAY IN

Dear W. B.—Hello, uncle. As this is Monday, I thought I'd drop in for a chat as the cramps in your stomach ought not to be so bad after having a rest over Sunday. If I were you I wouldn't stop at devouring some of the letters, but I would devour the whole Household page. It seems that everyone gives you the cold shoulder.

I'm going to tell you what was in some of the letters you didn't get. It was great to see how Roderick Dhu was trying to flatter Lily of the Valley. If you had read what Blue Eyes of W. Va. wrote about Pennsylvania being asleep I believe you would have devoured the whole thing without milk or sugar.

Maybe there wouldn't have been a fight if I had been here when Lonesome Boy was ordering you around. As you are the only Uncle W. B. I have I'm going to take you into my confidence and tell you a secret. There is a girl, Blooming Prairie Rose, who has a silver pony which I estimate is worth five million dollars, and if I can manage some way to get the pony and go to Mexico, I will buy it and search for a silver mine. Then I'll become so rich I can get a limousine and mansion as well as marry a flapper. —Ferris.

"FALL IN," SOLDIERS

You cousins know the song, "Pack up your troubles and smile." That was exactly the way I felt after leaving my flivver and peeping at you jolly people. But I reckon I'll have to sit by "me ownself," since I have given up all hopes of becoming Bachelor Billy's little woman.

I wonder if any of you girls are tomboys. I'm a pretty big one myself, although I'm not quite as bad about working outdoors, shooting, racing horses, hunting, snowballing and ball playing as I used to be. Now I'm learning to keep house, so watch out, boys, I may be your ideal after all.

My ideal home is in a green meadow with a stream running by and in the shade of the apple tree stands my log cabin with some kind of green vines growing around the porch, while down through the meadow run the little kiddies to meet their daddy. Our home will be happy as we know life is what we make it.

Why don't more of our ex-soldiers write? My brother fought for our dear old U. S. A., and it's lot of fun listening to him tell about the time he had in France. I'm afraid we don't give our soldiers as much praise as we should, for so many of them gave their lives that we might have peace in our country.

Are there any real cowboys? I have thought many times that if I were a boy I'd be a cowboy. I'm not very brave, at that. I was frightened recently by an old turkey who kept chasing me every time he saw me outside the house and I had to remain indoors.

I think in some ways the world is getting much worse than it used to be. There are so many people studying more about perishable things in this world than the things of the heavenly world. Those who are trying to live better lives are hindered by other folks who try to pull against the preacher and others who uphold Christianity. I would like to teach the small children in Sunday school, but don't think I'm capable of doing it as I don't know enough about the Bible.—Lonesome Kid.

FLOWERS NEAR HOME

I think it would be interesting if the cousins would tell what kind of flowers grow near their homes. I will name a few which are found near mine. They are the dog-tooth violet, wind flower, pink, white and blue violets, hepaticas and large white lilies. I do not live far from the western shore of Lake Michigan and we can see such beautiful sunrises when it is clear over the lake. I enjoy living near the lake in Summer and listening to the sound of the waves.

There are many up-to-date farms in this part of the country and most of them have nice large buildings. I live on a large farm with quite a number of modern improvements in the home.

I wonder how many of the cousins are Sunday school teachers. I am one, and greatly enjoy teaching my classes of primary children.—Garnet of Wisconsin.

Girl Scout Beauty

Mrs. James Vogel

Copyright P. & A. Photo.

AMONG the 200 Girl Scouts who attended the ninth annual convention of their organization at Washington, D. C., in April, Mrs. James Vogel of Ohio was considered the most beautiful Girl Scout leader. She possessed the most honor medals of any at the convention.

Chat With Cousins

Flowers are May's chief product and they ought to be very popular on Mother's Day when everyone should wear a flower in honor of the best woman in the world. Remember, cousins, that your mother sacrificed much for you. You can never repay her for all that she has done. Don't forget that.

Those whose names were on the April Honor Roll wrote some fine letters. Exceptionally good was the one sent by H. M. A. of W. Va., on the resources of her state. It showed great preparation and was crammed to the overflowing with facts written in an interesting manner. Now for the May Honor Roll. Try your best to get your name on it.

We suppose by this time someone has concocted a King Tut salad from six or 100 different kinds of fruits, meats and vegetables, but as yet we have not eaten any.

Just a Northern Light sneaked in while W. B. was taking a nap. He must have heard him snore. He likes Whittier's poems, Zane Grey's stories and all fiction about the West. He is a basketball player.

Clara E. Lackey promises some information about European birds, as her sister is visiting in Italy. Ask her to write you something about them so you can write and tell the cousins.

Those marathon dancers would be appreciated more if they helped their mothers during the house-cleaning season. But then there's not much publicity to be received from beating a rug or carpet. It isn't foolish enough.

Mrs. A. L. Miller wants the names of the President's cabinet. Here they are: Charles Evans Hughes, secretary of state; Andrew W. Mellon, secretary of the treasury; John W. Weeks, secretary of war; Harry M. Daugherty, attorney general; Harry S. New, postmaster general; Edwin Denby, secretary of the navy; Hubert Work, secretary of the interior; Henry C. Wallace, secretary of agriculture; Herbert Hoover, secretary of commerce; James J. Davis, secretary of labor.

We do not publish original poetry in the Poets' Corner, Mrs. J. L. Kitts of Ohio.

Amos McGee belongs to that fast decreasing group of patriots, the veterans of the Civil war. Mr. McGee has been a reader of The Blade for years and years. Still he remembers to write to us.

Thanks, Martha Holcomb, for the song you sent. Martha has the same initials as your Aunt Martha, so we ought to be friends.

Just Winona from Ohio would leave King Tut's tomb alone. She said when she dies she doesn't want people to dig up her grave years later. What do the rest of you think about it?

Screen door time is here. Put up the screens and keep out the flies. Remember that flies are only pests and carry diseases, so don't let them multiply. Once they invade the house they are difficult to get out. So put up your screens right away if you haven't already done so.

Mr. W.B. thinks poems are the best dessert he ever ate, Kenneth Bell, so you had better not tempt him.

Vermont Greenhorn gave the right list of answers for that musical puzzle we published.

A Tar Heel of Snake Mountains exposes Don Quickshot. Tar Heel says, "Don is a 220-pounder, as bashful as a school boy in his teens.

Nearly every day we read of someone being killed in an auto accident. The toll of these machines is terrible. Most of it is due to carelessness. What we need is the use of more common sense by drivers who seem to think their machines are the only ones on the streets and roads. "Please Be Careful" is a good slogan to follow in other things as well as driving autos.

Snatches From W. B.

My favorite flowers are poppies and dahlias.—Octavais of W. Va.

Come again, Tylerite and Apple Blossom, your letters were fine.—Brown Eyes of Indiana.

I like to hear from you, Lovely June.—Brown Eyes of Va.

I havent any home, as my father is dead and my mother and I work. We have traveled with a show for a few years and I have been in most of the states.—Merle Kendall, Ohio.

I live on a farm and like to take horseback rides.—Pearls of W. Va.

What is the trouble with you Pennsylvania people? Why don't you get busy and write?—Just a Spark of Sunshine from Pa.

My friends are the rabbits, birds and squirrels.—Sunshine of N. C.

I go to Sunday school. The name of my class is 'Willing Workers."—Blue Eyes of W. Va.

I live on a farm and help my mother a great deal.—Grace Childs of Pa.

I can see those horrible eyes of Mr. W. B. They make me shiver.—W. O. H.

Banditta, you are right by taking the men's tobacco, pipes and cigarets, but you will have to make another raid and get their cigars.—Just a Farm Boy.

I went to school four miles from home last year.—New Cousin of Tenn.

My favorite musical instruments are the violin, guitar and banjo. My father and brother are good musicians.—Nig from Wingett Run.

One state is as good as another, but of course you all know I think the most of old Kentucky. Ha, ha! —Blue Eyes of Central Kentucky.

Do you know how old I am? I am one of 12 minus three, plus five, times two, minus two.—Dill Pickle.

Cheese Custard

To make cheese custard, beat three eggs slightly and add three-fourths cup milk; season with one-half teaspoonful salt, one-eighth teaspoonful pepper, few grains of cayenne, few drops of onion juice and three tablespoonfuls grated cheese.

POETS' CORNER

The Little Rosewood Casket

In a little rosewood casket that is resting on the stand
Is a package of old letters written by a cherished hand;
Will you go and bring them, sister, and read them all tonight!
I have often tried, but could not, for the tears would blind my sight.
Come up close to me, sister, let me lean upon thy breast,
For the tide of life is ebbing and I fain would be at rest.
Bring the letters he has written, he whose voice I've often heard,
Read them over, love, distinctly, for I've cherished every word.

Tell him, sister, when you see him, that I never ceased to love,
That I, dying, prayed to Him, in the better world above;
Tell him that I was supported, ne'er a word of censure spoke,
But his silence and his absence, this poor heart have well-nigh broke.

Tell him that I watched his coming when the moontide sun was high,
And when at eve the angels set their star-light in the sky;
But when I saw he came not, tell him that I did not chide,
But I spoke in love about him and I blessed him when I died,
And when death's white garments you have wrapped my form around
And have laid me down to slumber in the quiet churchyard ground,
Place the letters and the picture close beside my pulseless heart,
We for years have been together and in death we shall not part.

I am ready now, my sister, you may read the letters o'er,
I will listen to the words of him whom I shall see no more;
And e'er you shall have finished should I calmly fall asleep,
Fall asleep in death and wake not, dearest sister, do not weep.

The Adopted Child

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Lady
Why wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child?
Thy home on the mountains is bleak and wild,
A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall;
Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture forever streams.

Boy
Oh, green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long, bright hours of the Summer day;
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme;
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know,
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go.

Lady
Content then, boy, in my bower dwell;
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well,—
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune,
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard.

Boy
My mother sings at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills, far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree,
To the babe half-slumbering on her knee;
I dreamed last night, of that music low,—
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go!

Lady
Thy mother hath gone from her cares to rest;
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door;
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And well pluck the grapes of the richest dye.

Boy
Is my mother gone from her home away?—
But I know that my brothers are there at play;
I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well;
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow,
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go!

Lady
Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tied;
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin-home is a lonely spot.

Boy
Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?
But the bird and the blue fly rove o'er it still,
And the red deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow,—
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go!

Bennie

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one.
You said you were coming right home from the shop
As soon as your day's work was done.
The fire has gone out; the house is all dark,
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor brother Bennie so sick in her arms
And no one to help her but me.

Chorus.

Come home! Come home!
Please father! Dear father, come home!

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two.
The house has grown colder and Bennie is worse,
But he has been calling for you.
Indeed, he is worse; ma says he will die,
Perhaps before morning shall dawn.
And this is the message she sent me to bring,
"Come quickly or he will be gone."

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes three.
The house is so lonely; the hours are so long
For poor weeping mother and me.
Yes, we are alone; poor Bennie is dead
And gone with the angels of light.
And these were the very last words that he said:
"I want to kiss papa good night."

Wonderful Words of Life

Sing them over again to me, wonderful words of life;
Let me more of their beauty see, wonderful words of life;
Words of life and beauty, teach me faith and duty;
Beautiful words, wonderful words, wonderful words of life.

Chorus.

Christ, the blessed One, gives to all, wonderful words of life;
Sinner, list to the loving call, wonderful words of life;
All so freely given, wooing us in heaven.

Sweetly echo the gospel call, wonderful words of life;
Offer pardon and peace to all, wonderful words of life;
Jesus, only Savior, sanctify forever.

We Are Seven

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said,
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her face was fair and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell?"
She answered, "Seven are we—
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea."

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother,
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell
And two are gone to sea;
Yet ye are seven—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply:
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied;
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side."

"My stocking there I often knit,
My 'kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane,
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God relieved her of her pain,
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid,
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply:
"Oh, master, we are seven."

"But they are dead—those two are dead;
Their spirits are in heaven."
'Twas throwing words away, for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

Poems Requested

"I'm Going From the Cotton Field," "Rory O'More," "The Widow on the Train," "The Ring My Mother Wore."

Poems containing these lines are also wanted: "Savior, only let me walk with Thee," and "George Collins rode away one cold Winter day."

Helpful Hints for Hustling Housewives

When the white gloves turn yellow, soak them in strong coffee and a fresh looking tan pair will be the result.

Shrimp croquettes are doubly delicious when served with spiced tomato sauce.

Honey and chopped walnuts make a delicious spread for brown bread.

Custards and casseroles can be both cooked and served in glass dishes.

A towel rack fastened under the closet shelf is an excellent trouser hanger.

To insure accurate measurement, wet the cup before measuring syrup or molasses.

Scrappy left-overs of meat should be chopped fine or ground and used in stuffing peppers, tomatoes or onions.

A three-minute "hour glass" kept by the telephone will insure one's not running over time when phoning long distance.

Rust stains and other discolorations may be removed from enameled bathtubs and tiled floor by applying kerosene.

Coffee may be substituted for the liquid when making spice cakes or ginger cakes. It will add greatly to the flavor.

Almond cherries are dainty and delicious. Place a candied cherry on the large end of a blanched almond and dip into granulated sugar.

Be careful not to have too hot a flame under an aluminum skillet. Before putting food into it grease well, covering entire surface.

To clean a zinc bath scrub it thoroughly with coarse salt, moistened with paraffin.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

Now Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Washington, D.C.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation which a physician said I would have to have for a very bad case of female trouble. My system was all run-down for two years after my little girl was born. Then I read of your wonderful medicine and decided to try it. I could hardly drag one foot after the other, and after taking six bottles of the Vegetable Compound I felt like a new woman. I now do all my housework, also washing and ironing, and do not know what real trouble is. My health is fine, and I weigh 140 pounds. When I started taking it I weighed 97 pounds. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any one who is suffering from female trouble or is run down. You may use this testimonial for I am only too glad to let suffering women know what the Vegetable Compound did for me."—Mrs. IDA HEWITT, 1529 Penna. Ave. S.E., Washington, D.C.

Such letters from women in every section of this country prove beyond question the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Happy it were for us all if we bore prosperity as well and wisely as we endure adverse fortune.
—Southey.

QUEEN OF THE HOME

Please may I have a seat on the Merry-Go-Round for Mother's Day? The custom of observing the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day is one of the most beautiful customs ever established. As queen of the home, Mother has been crowned as none other ever can be. The sweetest earthly name which human tongue can utter. The personification of patience, love, self sacrifice, watchful care, and all the tender affectionate attentions that only mother can bestow.

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." No other hand can so cool the fevered brow. No other lips can so quickly kiss away our childish tears. No other earthly tie can draw us quite so near to the great white throne of God. The child who has never known a good mother's love and care has missed the sweetest joy of life.

"My mother's love brings home to me
The greater love of Calvary."

The marvelous power which mothers wield in the home, in society, in the affairs of church and state is almost omnipotent. If all mothers everywhere would truly consecrate their lives and dedicate their children to the higher and nobler things of life—the good, the beautiful and true—what a wonderful reformation would take place.

The deathless love in mother's eyes
Can lead the world to Paradise.

The world has heard very little of Mrs. Mary Ball Washington, but when I gazed from the lofty height of the Washington monument, the highest monument in the world, looking out over the beautiful city which bears his name, and the broad rolling waters of the majestic Potomac he loved so well I thought of the wonderful mother who had given to the world a son destined to be immortalized in history, and enshrined in a hundred million hearts as "First in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

History tells us it was that mother's influence, more than anything else, which made George the man he became. She laid the foundation of her monument in the heart of her son, and Washington's greatness will be an eternal monument to his noble mother.

When we study the history of all our truly great men and women we find that invariably they cherish high ideals of motherhood and were very devoted and affectionate to their mothers. Few, if any, will ever rise above the ideals and aspirations of the mother.

Miss Anna Jarvis, founder of Mother's Day, says:

"The general idea of Mother's Day is a simultaneous observance in every part of the world of the love and reverence men, women and children owe to a good mother.

"The special object is to honor and uplift motherhood and to give comfort and happiness to the best mother who ever lived'—YOUR MOTHER.

"A day to honor mothers may be world-wide in celebration, because every class, race, creed and nation in some way reverences a noble mother.

"Do something to show your mother that she is 'Queen of the May' in your heart."

Will you, my dear reader, pause in the busy rush of your vocation in life for old times' sake, all the dear delightful days of childhood for the sake of your precious Mother who gave you some of the sweetest joys of life and immortalized Santa Claus in your childish heart, do not fail to observe Mother's Day.

If possible, visit her or have her the guest of honor in your home. Give her an old-fashioned "bear hug" in the old childish way she loved. Wear her favorite flower. Thoughtfully lead her to a front pew in your Mother's Day celebration.

Or, if impossible to be with her, write her a long love letter and send her some little token of remembrance. When you must look upon her adored face for the last time—you'll always be glad you did. And don't forget father, too.

But if your own dear mother has already crossed the mystical river place some of her favorite flowers on her last resting place, if possible; and seek to make some other mother happy in token of your boundless love for mother. Perhaps you can, in a measure, fill the vacant seat in some poor mother's heart for the day.

Today, O, dearest Mother,
A sweet red rose I wear—
Token of your wondrous love
And of your tender care.

No exquisite carnation
Could tell my love for thee.
Rose—the queen of flowers and love,
Must bear my heart to thee.
—Mrs. H. M. Boyd.

PREFERS LIVING ALONE

How many of you cousins live alone? I have been living alone since last November, when my dear companion was taken from me. My one daughter wanted me to come and live with her, but I didn't want to leave my home. She talks to me over the phone every day. That does me a lot of good.

I find plenty to do to occupy my time. I take care of a large house and also farm. I have quite a large number of poems which I have clipped for 25 years. Cousins, don't you think the song, "Have I a twin?" has lost its tune? If this letter is printed I 'will come again and tell you how I manage my work. I guess I will have to hurry back now as the pot might boil over and spill the beans.—Cook and Farmer.

BOOSTS ALL STATES

Won't you chain Mr. W. B. for a few minutes and let me chat with Shorty of W. Va.? Indeed, you may sit beside me as you are my old pal. I wonder why Brown Fox doesn't appear any more. I believe I must have been so close on her trail that she is keeping herself hidden.

Where is the girl that said one state is as good as another? I agree with her, as all states have their good and their bad qualities. If we were to travel through all the states I am sure we would find them all good, especially in the Summer. Some are colder than the others, some do not produce the same vegetables and grains that others do, but none of us should boast because we can raise different grains. Some have larger cities and more factories than others, but as for natural scenery there is some in every state.

I have only been in two states, West Virginia and Kentucky, and it is difficult to tell which has the nicest scenery.—Kentucky Wonder.

RIMROCK TRAIL

BY J. ALLAN DUNN

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(Copyright, 1922, J. Allan Dunn.)

Continued From Last Week.

It was Plimsoll's way—the professional gambler's way—to play his cards until he knew himself beaten. He had been hoping for the arrival of this man. He represented capital, the development of the camp into a mining town, the movement of money, the boom of quick sales. With his backing—once the camp understood what it meant to all of them—he might turn the tables on Sandy Bourke. The protection of Capital was powerful.

He came out licking his lips nervously, with a swift survey that took in the setting of the stage prepared for his entrance. His eyes, shifting from the big machine, as if drawn by something beyond his will, focused on the figure of Sandy, easy but sinister in its capacity to avoid all melodrama. Half-way between door and car he halted.

"Plimsoll?" said the stranger. "I am Keith."

The light was perceptibly changing. Faces of men came out of the shadows, pale but visible. The lights of the machine changed from yellow to pale lemon, the flares outside the cabins, the illumination of the windows altered. High up, a tiny fleck of cloud caught the fire of the as yet unseen sun, rolling on to dawn behind the dark purple crests between which mists were trailing. Men shivered, half from cold, half from tension and lack of sleep.

"Plimsoll," said Sandy. "That feak oveh on Sawtooth Range is goin' to catch the light first. I'll call it sun-up when the sun looks oveh the mesa."

Plimsoll bared his teeth in a fox-grin. Sandy stood with his hands by his side, covering him with his eyes. Plimsoll looked at the hands that he knew could move swifter than he could follow, he looked at the car with Keith gazing from him to Sandy, he sensed the waiting strain of all the men, waiting to see Sandy shoot—if he did not go, to see him crumple up in the dust, and—he looked at the peak on Sawtooth and his face grayed as the granite suddenly flushed with rose. His will melted, he turned and went inside his cabin. No one followed him, there was no one inside to greet him. His heart was filled with helpless rage, centered against Sandy Bourke. He knew the camp was against him, considering him outbluffed and outmatched. His horse, ready saddled, had been at the door since midnight. He mounted, dug spurs into the beast's flanks and went galloping madly up the slope that rose from the street gulch leading down to the main gulch of Flivver Creek. He was shortcutting for the messa road, hate in his heart, his blood, his brain; poisoning hate that turned all his secretions to gall. His plans for wealth had been blocked by a man he dared not face. Before Sandy Bourke his spirit flinched as a leaf shrinks and curls from flame. The forced acknowledgment of it was an acid aggravation. He raked his horse's flanks with his rowels and the spirited brute, pick of Plimsoll's horse herd, tore up the hillside to suit the mad humor of his master, who was permeated with venom of a man who knows his deeds at once evil and futile, a venom that was bound to spread until the infection mastered him, body and mind and soul, steeped them in a devil's brew that permitted of no other thought but what was dominated by the mad desire to get even.

Some one caught sight of the galloping horse and rider lunging along in a cloud of dust that showed golden as the sun rose and looked over the mesa. He raised a shout that was joined in by the rest, that reached the flying Plimsoll as the view-halloo reaches the fox making for its earth.

CHAPTER XV

Casey Town

The man named Keith called to Sandy Bourke who, for the moment, still stood alone, now rolling a cigaret. He was the only man in the close vicinity of the car and he turned at the sound of Keith's voice.

"You-all talkin' to me?" he inquired mildly.

"I would like to know," said Keith in a manner which he appeared struggling to invest with humor, "exactly what is the idea of this theatrical, moving-picture episode?"

Sandy smiled back at him.

"Look like film stuff to you?" he asked in his drawl. "Surely is movin' pictures to Plimsoll, though it's hell on the hawss. You can let it go at that, if you like. Li'l' western drama entitled To Be Shot at Sunrise."

The crowd began to gather closer, curious to find out the reason for the swift advent of the car, the desire to see Plimsoll.

"You were ready to shoot at Plimsoll?"

"I was ready. I didn't figger there there was goin' to be much shootin'."

"It looks to me as if you've driven the man out of camp, and, as I've come all the way from New York to do business with him, driven the last two hundred miles in this car, I'd be obliged if you would tell me just what was the matter, Mr. ———?"

"Bourke. Sandy Bourke."

The stranger had managed to muffle down his chagrin and resentment at the outcome of his trip. Of necessity he was a judge of men and it did not take him long to place Sandy. Keith was an adept at adapting himself to his environment.

"Sorry to have upset things fo' you," went on Sandy, "but this was a personal matteh between myse'f an' Plimsoll that had to be settled pronto an' permanent. I don't reckon how you've lost a heap, said Plimsoll bein' a crook."

"My name's Keith, Wilson Keith," said the other. "I don't know that that means much to you as I judge you generally belong to the range rather than the mining camp, but there may be a few in the crowd who know me. I am a mining promoter. Plimsoll had agreed to sell me his interest in certain claims which showed well in assay reports. They alone were insufficient to interest me. When he wired me the news of the general strike, the prospect of development opened and I came on. You seem to have blocked the deal. However, I suppose Plimsoll can be located later. Have you any idea where he might be found?"

"It w'udn't do you one mite of good," said Sandy. "Plimsoll didn't own those claims. Didn't have an interest in 'em. Tried to jump 'em, an' did the jumpin' himse'f. I've got an idea you might have been through here some time back. I heard some eastern folk had been samplin' ore an' I saw some signs up on the Casey claims. Those are the claims Plimsoll tried to sell you, I reckon, for cash, figgerin' on the deal goin' through quick. He 'lowed he'd grubstaked Casey, which was a plumb lie. Casey had a constitutional objection about bein' grubstaked, an' he had none too much use fo' Plimsoll. Plimsoll's got nothin' to prove his end. From now on he won't try to. The claims belong to Molly Casey, the same bein' my legal ward."

"Ah!" Wilson Keith's eyes grew keen and cold. "Have you any interest in them yourself, Mr. Bourke?"

"Me an' my two partners of the Three Star Ranch own one-half interest, equal with Molly," said Sandy easily. His eyes matched those of the promoter and held them for a second or two.

The thought flashed through Keith's mind that Sandy's interest, and that of his partners, might have been obtained from the girl under false pretenses, but he was very far from a fool and, among the things he saw in Sandy's eyes, it was clearly written that here was a man who was both absolutely fearless and absolutely honest. He had not seen many such.

"I'll be glad to talk with you later," he said. "Just now I'm I'm ravenous. Any place to eat? And does the camp get up early or just go to bed late?"

The remark met a laugh in the crowd, now milling good-naturedly about the machine.

"Want to buy any more claims?" asked a voice.

"I might. I've looked over the ground once, I may as well admit, and I've had an expert report upon it. I'd like to have a talk with all of you after I've had some coffee. This is a camp where it will take a great deal of money, of labor and of time to develop it, whether you try to drill and blast yourselves, or pool your interests and install machinery. Did you say which was the best place to eat, Mr. Bourke?"

Sandy recommended Simpson's and pointed it out. Keith, the man with him, his secretary, and the chauffeur, got out and walked stiff-legged to their coffee. The crowd once more had sleep discounted by excitement. Keith had shrewdly said just enough. The seed that he had planted in the suggestion that they pool interests fell in such rich ground that it began sprouting immediately.

Sandy introduced Sam as his partner. Westlake as a mining engineer and assayer. Keith gave Westlake a shrewd appraising glance, and a nod.

"I'm too sleepy to talk business," said Sandy. "My two partners are in the same boat. So, if you-all want to look oveh the camp ag'in, Mr. Keith, an' talk business with any one you find awake an' willin', I'll prob'bly see you befo' nightfall. You know where the claims are."

Keith stood for a moment in the door of Simpson's, looking after Sandy.

"A fairly slick article, the man with the two guns, Blake," he said to his secretary. "But he's straight."

"And mighty hard to bend," added Blake with a yawn.

The chauffeur ate apart, devouring enormous quantities of food with as much emotion as a hopper taking grain. Keith talked matters over with Blake, not because he valued his secretary's opinion, able as he was in his appointed duties, but because it helped Keith to clarify conditions in his own mind.

"There were only a few old-timers in the crowd, Blake," he said. "The rest of them will want to be going back to wherever and whatever they came from as soon as they find this is not a placer proposition. A heap of people hear of a gold rush and think it's always a Tom Tiddler's Ground, like washing out the rich sands of Nome. They'll be glad to sell and take shares for cash."

"Ought to change the name of the camp," suggested Blake. "Dynamite is known as an exploded prospect."

"Thought of that," said Keith. "This is damned good coffee. I'll have another cup. . . . How about Casey Town, after the original discoverer who always believed in the place, but lacked the money for development and wouldn't take in a partner? Picturesque and good stuff for the prospectuses. You might send off some stuff about that, Blake, work in this Sandy Bourke and Plimsoll affair and find out what this all-night racket was about. Good, lively publicity stuff we can use later on. Romance of Casey's daughter. Wonder where she is?"

He lapsed into silence, swallowing his third cup of coffee in gulps. Blake, who admired his employer's successes, whatever he thought of his methods, did not interrupt him. Keith was planning a campaign, figuring out the best bait for gulls.

Sandy and his companions found Mormon asleep on the Bailey claims. Miranda brewed cuffee, and they told her the news of Plimsoll and the arrival of Keith.

"It's too bad you didn't run Plimsoll out of the county, or the state," remarked the spinster. "He'll not rest until he does you some sneakin' injury, soon as he figgers out what'll do you the most harm."

"An' him the least risk," remarked Sam.

'Since the excitement is temp'arily over," said Miranda dryly, looking at where Mormon snored beneath blankets, "I reckon we better all foller' his example. If that man Keith wants to buy my claims I'm willin' to sell. Milkin' is more in my line than minin', I've decided. I had a fool idea we'd pick up nuggets, top of the ground. From what Mr. Westlake tells me, you got to put out a lot of money before you even find out whether you're going to see the color of gold."

"Let's hold a pow-wow before we turn in," said Sandy. "Westlake, what do you know about Keith? Anything?"

"I've heard of him. I imagine he starte dout as a promoter rather than a developer. He has made some lucky strikes. There is no doubt but that he can float this proposition on a large scale, induce others to put money into it. The least likely-looking properties he'll put on the market and tie them up with the reports of any strikes he, or others, may make. He'll put the camp on a working basis. If the gold's here that will be a sound one. You see, Miss Bailey, not every porphyry dyke is going to have a gold lining."

"Do you figger it w'ud pay best to sell him outright or let him form a company?" asked Sandy.

"For your claims, or these of Miss Bailey and her nephew?"

"All of 'em. Didn't you say they were all on the same syncline?"

"Yes. You really want to go by my opinion? I am not too experienced."

"You know a darned sight mo' about it than we do. I'm not takin' Keith's opinion on anything he wants to buy. He's tipped his hand already in showin' how far an' fast he came here. Probably had Plimsoll tied up on an option or he w'ud'nt have said 's much as he did."

"Then—there is no doubt in my mind that Patrick Casey picked the best side of the gulch. The indications are in sight there. This side the exposed reef may have been ground down below the sylvanite. There are glacial signs all around here. I would say sell these for cash, holding out on price until Keith refuses to offer more. He'll come back for a final bid. But let him organize with your claims."

"The Molly Casey Mine? With fifty-one per cent of the shares, if we can't get more?"

"He'll squeal like a pig before he grants that," said Westlake. "But he'll have to come through to your terms. Those claims are the big bet of this camp, and he knows it.

It would have surprised Keith had he known how accurately the young engineer he had glanced at and dismissed as almost an amateur at the game, followed the trend of his scheming. There is not much variation in the methods of mining promotion, and Westlake was an observer of the pith of what he had seen.

"Fifty-one per cent, an' the name's Molly Casey, then," said Sandy. "What's more, you're to be consulting engineer or whatever they call the fat job, Westlake. I'm dawg-tired. Sam, let's you an' me shack over to our claims. We'll leave Mormon where he is till he gits his sleep out, if you've no objection, marm?"

Sandy, Sam and Mormon returned to the Three Star with the papers drawn and signed and the shares of stock issued that gave twenty-six per cent of the Molly property to her and twenty-five to the three partners. Keith returned to New York with his forty-nine per cent to weave his plans for the full development of the claims he had acquired.

While he lacked the controlling interest, there was always, he fancied, a chance of division between the, four who held control Either he could get the girl to vote apart from the three partners or he might split them some way another. But, wisely, he did not count on this. And he took up the task of exploitation with zest. Blake, primed with material and notes gathered on the spot, a ready and expert assistant.

When Wilson Keith made up his mind there was money in a plan—money for Wilson Keith—he lost no time in planning and carrying out all details. He loved the excitement of the gamble, he loved to evolve some play for which he could pat himself upon the back and tell himself how much cleverer he was than the public, swimming up to his golden-baited hooks like so many fish. Thornton, expert mining engineer, believed the prospects good for the new camp at Casey Town; but Keith, with Blake, who was a wizard at publicity, delighted most in the way it lent itself to exploitation.

Blake, nosing here and listening there, while Keith satisfied himself as to the legality of Sandy's guardianship of Molly and the powers that had been granted him to look after all her interests, assuring himself of the speciousness of Plimsoll's claim for grubstake interest. Blake, weaving fact into fiction, compiled the romance of Molly Casey, daughter of the wandering prospector, Patrick Casey; her father's trail-chum by mountain and desert; the death of Casey, the rescue of Molly, the strike at Dynamite.

Much about Sandy's part in it all Blake did not use. He learned little and said nothing of Plimsoll's attempt to get the girl under his control, of the wild ride across the county line. Blake's general canniness concerning whatever his personal interests were concerned and he had made up his mind that Sandy Bourke was a man whom it would not pay to offend. He might never see the story in print, then again he might, and Blake, very likely, would return to Casey Town once in a while with Keith.

But it was a good story. A Sunday feature story if he could strengthen it a little. If the mine made the girl a millionairess it would carry the yarn as sheer news, but Blake wanted the story to help to carry the mine, to bring in the money from the outside to exploit Casey Town and the Keith holdings.

Keith had the capital and was willing enough to put it into developing the Molly Mine if necessary, but it was a business principle of his never to use his own money when he could get hold of some one else's. His stock in the Molly Mine he meant to hold on to, not to sell, but, with the profits from the sale of his promoter's shares of the "Groups," he expected to mine the Molly claims.

He had turned his eyes toward oil of late, scenting quick turns and this took money. His wife took more, his son, just out of college, took all that he could get. Mrs. Keith seemed to regard her husband's bank account much as the wife of a farmer might regard the spring in the meadow. With the extravagance of the post-war period, the advance in prices, the amounts she spent were staggering even to Keith, who set no limits on his own ability to make money. To suggest retrenchment would not merely have had small effect upon his wife, but any curtailment would infallibly hurt the standing of the Keith investments. New York was full of people with money to invest. Profiteering, easy-come money, a lot of it. Easy-go money, too, when the profiteers, still dazzled by their riches, totally unconscious of real values, would meet Keith, thinking their money an open sesame to equality with such financiers.

Then Keith enteredtained them, taking them to his clubs—not his best—to his home where he dazzled them, fogged them in an atmosphere where they were ill at ease though striving to cover it; Keith, drawing them aside when the time was ripe, would tell them of their shrewdness, confess a liking, almost an admiration for them—and let them in on the ground floor.

There were the many who could not be touched personally and, for these, Blake prepared the literature and laid his schemes for real newspaper publicity. Submitting them to Keith, the latter approved. Mrs. Keith was to look Molly up at her school, take her into the Keith home on vacations, introduce her into the social whirl. The right newspapermen would see her, meet her, get the story from Blake of her romantic childhood, with photographs of the Western Heiress in the Park on Horseback. There would be drawings by staff artists of the way she and her father appeared wandering through the desert, discovering the claims, her father's grave, anything to round out the human interest. Moreover, she could be introduced to the right people, that was Mrs. Keith's end of it.

Then would come the prospectuses with these extracts of the best paragraphs, tied up with views of Casey Town, with engineers' reports, with semi-scientific stuff about sylvanite, a masterpiece of romance and fiction, peppered with fact. The whole to be titled White Gold.

Advertisements, headed White Gold, offering the shares. Personal letters to those on the carefully selected lists of Preferred Investors. Offices of the Casey Town Mining Company with alluring specimens behind glass cases, with models of mining machinery and of sections of mines, framed maps and drawings, blue-prints, a chunk of sylvanite ore in a railed-off enclosure with the legend of its marvelous value. Many, most, of these lures, had done service in previous enticements of Keith, but they still held good. They were a good deal like the fake mermaids, the skulls and odds and ends in the window of a palmist, all bait, of better quality, more deftly arranged and displayed, part of the fakir's kit, bait for goldfish. Also brass rails, fine rugs, mahogany furniture, a ticker, busy and pretty stenographers.

Blake submitted his clever campaign, worthy of better things, and Keith approved of it. That the partners of the Three Star as fifty-one per cent owners, or Molly Casey herself with them, should be consulted or informed, never entered his head.

Of course there was always a chance of the investors realizing heavily if Casey Town turned up big production. Keith hoped it would. Provided he made all the money he wanted, he was always willing to have others get hold of some, especially when he would be regarded by them as the benefactor who had given them the golden opportunity. He would reap the major harvest, and success would open up the way for other fields—perhaps in oil. Keith had some associates who rather scoffed at his gold-mining promotion as out-of-date. Oil was quicker, more in the public eye. Every time the price of gasoline or kerosene went up the American automobile-owning public thought of oil, they were primed perpetually toward its possibilities.

But Keith was still in gold. He knew all the technique of that branch of speculation and Blake's campaign was carried out most successfully. Mrs. Keith descended overwhelmingly upon Molly at her school, chauffeur and footman on the driving seat of her luxurious sedan; gasped a little when she saw that Molly was a beauty, could be made an unusual one with the right dressing, the right setting.

Her brain, which was keen enough in business matters, told her that she could improve her husband's program of using Molly as an attraction to bring investors to the Keith residence. It might be a good thing—Mrs. Keith was quick at dealing with the future—if her son, Donald, fell in love with Molly, the heiress. She wrote to the Three Star Ranch, to Sandy Bourke, guardian of Molly Casey, without Molly's knowledge. Sandy read the letter aloud to his partners.

Dear Mr. Bourke:

I feel that I should write this letter to you although I have never met you, rather than my husband, since the question is one that a woman can handle better than a man,—that only a woman can understand and appreciate.

I have seen your Molly and she has entirely captivated me. She is really wonderful, with wonderful possibilities. She is more than pretty, she is talented and she possesses character in a marked degree that sets her aside from the rest. It is this difference, this broadness of view, perhaps a certain intolerance of conventionality, that make me feel that, much as it has done for her, and that has been largely due to her own endeavors, this school, or any school, is not the place for her best development.

I want to take her into my home, Mr. Bourke. She is practically a woman grown, much more so than the girls with whom she associates. This, I suppose, is due to her early experiences. There she would be under my own eye, which will be a maternal one, and she can have private tutoring in what she still lacks. I think she feels the need of the companionship and advice of an older woman, rather than that of the girls at the school.

I wish I could talk with you personally about this. Letters are such inadequate things. But I know, from Mr. Keith, that you have her interests at heart—and so have I. I shall dearly love to have her with me. I have, of course, said absolutely nothing to her about this plan before I heard from you, but I feel confident from what I have seen of her, that she will be happier in a home, with some one, who, however poorly, may take the place of the mother she must have missed all these years.

Let me hear from you soon. If my health and other matters permit I must try to come out with Molly before long. Mr. Keith has seen this letter and approves of my suggestion to have Molly with us.

Most Sincerely yours,
Elizabeth Vernon Keith.

It was a clever letter. There were several touches about it that almost amounted to genius. The hints of Molly's unhappiness so cleverly suggested, the mother suggestion, the need of companionship and advice from an older woman, Molly's intolerance of conventionalities, all went home; though it was some time before the trio entirely absorbed the meaning of the glossy phrases and glib vocabulary. The letter passed about in silence after Sandy had read it, Sam and Mormon plowing through the maze of the fashionable script.

"Reckon she's right," said Mormon. "Molly's different. She had a mighty hard time of it along with her old man, compared to what them soft-skinned snips must have had. Stands to reason she c'udn't be like 'em, any mo' than Sam c'ud be easy in his spike-tail suit, or me handin' ice cream at a swarry. Not that Molly 'ud make no breaks, but their ways w'udn't be her'n, most of the time. How 'bout it, Sam?"

"This Mrs. Keith must live high," said Sam. "She w'udn't be bother-in' about Molly if she didn't see a heap of promise in her. I mind me it must be tough to be herded inter a corral where you got to learn all over ag'in how to handle your feet an' hands, not to mention forks. This Keith woman's spotted Molly ain't easy at school. The other gals like her, but they ain't her style. She's range bred an' free. Those other fillies have been brought up in loose boxes. They probably don't mean to hurt her feelin's none, but I 'low they snicked once in a while if Molly forgets the righ sasshay. An' Molly's proud as they make 'em. Sounds good to me. What you think, Sandy? It's up to you as her guardeen."

"It sure sounds good," said Sandy. "Seems like this Mrs. Keith must be a pritty fine woman to think of takin' Molly into her own home. I reckon Molly must have changed a good deal. I'd be inclined to put it this way; if Molly cottons to the idea, let her hop to it."

"Mirandy ain't brought over the butter yet," put in Mormon, with a glance at his partners that was half shamefaced. "Why not git her opinion? Takes a woman to understand a woman. She'd sabe this letter a heap better'n we c'ud."

Sam winked covertly at Sandy and shoved his tongue in his cheek.

"That's a good idea, Mormon," said Sandy.

"Never did find out jest what happened to that last wife of your'n, did ye, Mormon?" asked Sam.

"Never did."

"That's too bad."

"Why?"

"Gen'ral principles." Sam said no more but took out his harmonica, ever in one hip pocket and crooned into it. A jiggly-jazz edition of edition of Mendelssohn's Wedding March strained through the curtains of Sam's drooping mustache.

Speakin' wide, the weddin' cake of matrimony has been mostly mildewed for me," said Mormon reflectively, "but there was one thing about my last wife I sure admired. Uncommon thing in woman an' missin' in some men."

Sam, eager for chaffing, fell.

"What was that, Mormon? I heerd she was a good cook."

"It warn't her cookin', though that was prime when she was in the humor. But she sure c'ud attend to her own business, an' there's damn few can do that. Sandy's one of the few. I can't call another to mind jest now."

Sam grinned.

"You sure had me that time, ol' hawss. An' the mildew on the weddin' cake warn't none of yore fault. That sort of pastry's too rich for me to tackle. I used to wonder why they allus put frostin' on weddin' cake. I reckon it's a warnin'—or else sarcasm."

"Ef you ever git roped thataway, Sam, you're goin' to fall high an' hard," said Mormon. "You'll come to consciousness hawg-tied an' branded."

"That the way it was with you?"

"Yep. I've allus had an affinity fo' the sex. I ain't like Sandy. Nature give him an instinct ag'in 'em as pardners. He was bo'n lucky."

But Sandy had gone out. Sam and Mormon trailed him walking toward the cotton wood grove with Grit at his heels.

"He thinks a heap of Molly," opined Sam. "I reckon he sure hates to lose her, if he is womanshy. 'Course Molly is jest a kid. But I don't fancy she'll take the back-trail once she gits mixed up with the Keith outfit."

"I an't so plumb sure of that," returned Mormon. "Molly's bo'n an' bred with the West in her blood. She'll allus hear the call of the range, like a colt that's stepped wild. He'll drink at the tank, but he ain't forgettin' the water-hole."

Sam glanced at Mormon curiously. It wasn't often Mormon showed any touch of what Sam characterized as poetical.

Sandy, under the cottonwoods where the spring bubbled, so near the old prospector's grave that perhaps the old miner lying there could, in his new affinities with nature, hear its flow, was thinking much the same thing Mormon had expressed, hoping it might be true, chiding himself lest the thought be selfish.

A granite block stood now as marker for Patrick Casey's resting place, carved with the words that Mormon had chalked on the wooden headstone. A railing outlined the grave, and the turf within it was kept short and green. Sandy squatted down and rolled a cigaret, smoking it as he sat cross-legged. Grit, as was his custom, leaped the railing lightly and lay down above the dust of his dead master, head couched on paws, turned a little sidewise, his grave eyes surveying Sandy.

"Miss her, ol' son? So do I. Mebbe she'll come back to see us all. She sure did seem to belong."

Memories of Molly flickered across the screen of his mind; Molly beside her father by the broken wagon, climbing to get the cactus blossom for his cairn; Molly at the grave; Molly giving him the gold piece; the wild ride across the pass and the race for the train and a recollection that was freshest of all, one he had not mentioned to his partners; the touch of Molly's lips on his as he had bade her good-by. The kiss had not been that of a child, there had been a magic in it that had thrilled some chord in Sandy that still responded to that remembrance. He never dwelt on it long, it brought a vague reaction always, stirred that strange instinct of his that had branded him as woman-shy, kept him clean. Part of it was intuitive desire for freedom of will and action, as the wild horse shies at even the shadow of a halter that may mean bondage, however pleasant. Part of it was reverance for woman, deep-seated, a hazy, never analyzed feeling that this belief might be disappointed.

Miranda, alone in the flivver, a new car of her own, bought with money paid by Keith for her claim, was at the ranch-house when Sandy returned. Miranda and young Ed Bailey, accepting Westlake's advice, had sold for cash, getting fifteen thousand dollars to divide between them, refusing more glittering offers of stock. It was a windfall well worth their endeavor and they were amply satisfied. Young Ed had promptly gone to agricultural college, putting in part of his money to buy new stock and implements for his father's ranch, in which he now held a half partnership. Miranda, Mormon and Sam were talking about this when Sandy came up.

"It sure made a man of young Ed overnight," said the spinster. "He thought it out all by himse'f an' nigh surprised us off our feet. He was sort of ganglin', more ways than one, an' we feared the money 'ud go to his head. Which it did, as a matter of fact, but it was a tonic, 'stead of actin' like an intoxicant. We're plumb proud of him.

"Mr. Westlake was over day before yesterday," she went on. "Goin' on through to the East fo' a consultation with Mr. Keith an' his crowd. Said to say he was mighty sorry he c'udn't git out to the Three Star, but he only had a couple of hours before his train. He says things is boomin' up to Casey Town. There's been some good strikes, one in the claim nex' but one to ours, Keith's goin' to start things whirlin', I reckon."

"Mebbe he'll see Molly," suggested Sam. "Though of course she ain't to Keith's house yet."

"How's that?" asked the spinster eagerly.

"We are waitin' fo' Sandy to show you the letter," said Sam.

Miranda read the letter through twice, folded it and held it in her lap for a few moments.

"Want my opinion on it?" she said to Sandy.

"Yes," said Sandy. "If the mines are goin' to produce big she'll likely be rich. She went east to git cultchured up. Seems like the school idea might not have been the best, after all."

To Be Continued.

Although many of the blacks in South Africa go barefooted, rubber heels are very popular among the medium and poorer classes in that country.

FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

WHEN those long Summer afternoons come you will need a frock like No. 1724. There is another charming gingham dress in No. 1745. Maybe you have a skirt that can be worn for some time and need a new blouse. One that is easy to make is No. 1200. Little boys look cute in sailor outfits such as No. 1164 and the little girls in No. 1287 is just in style.

No. 1724—For Summer Afternoons— A soft frock like this of voile, batiste or fancy lawn is certain to find a place in every woman's selection of Summer frocks. The waist just blouses the tiniest bit—for becomingness and the sash ties in a perky bow to the side—for style. You can obtain patterns of this charming style in sizes 16 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure and for the 36-inch size 2⅜ yards 36-inch material with 1 yard 36-inch contrasting is required.

No. 1745—Gingham for Mornings— Looking just as charming before noon as after dinner is quite a simple task if one has several frocks of the type shown to slip into from eight till one. The cost of this frock is little, for only 3⅝ yards 36-inch material is required for size 36, and as you probably know, gingham can be bought for 20c per yard. The pattern cuts in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, so this frock is as suited to the woman of full figure as to her more slender sister.

No. 1164—Boy's Sailor Suit — The small lad will approve of this manly sailor suit and mother will not disapprove, for it is extremely simple to make. Patterns cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. For the suit in a 4-year size, 1⅝ yard 36-inch material with 5¾ yards braid is required.

No. 1287—Frocks for Kiddies Wee— Nowadays every little frock must have its matching bloomers, that is if the "younger set" are to be quite correctly dressed. You'll like this little frock, patterns for which cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years, not only because of its simplicity, for it is attractive and becoming too. For size 4 years in this frock, 2¾ yards 36-inch material with 4¾ yards of binding is necessary.

No. 1778—Pretty Frock for Maid.— 'Tis folly indeed for any grown-up to consider the wardrobe of very young maids an unimportant matter, for they adore pretty frocks and if mother makes them they can have many at little expense. One that could be made in a couple of hours is shown and for the 8-year size it requires but 2 yards 36-inch material, so about 75c would cover the cost. The pattern can be had in sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

No. 1200—New Blouse in Hour— If you've no overblouse made of one of those fascinating prints you're far behind the times. You can make this pretty blouse in an hour. It takes but 1¾ yard 36-inch material for the 36-inch size. Cost will be nothing compared to the joy you'll get out of it. The pattern can be obtained in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

MARTHA HOLDEN BOOKS OF FASHIONS issued quarterly, 10c a copy. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

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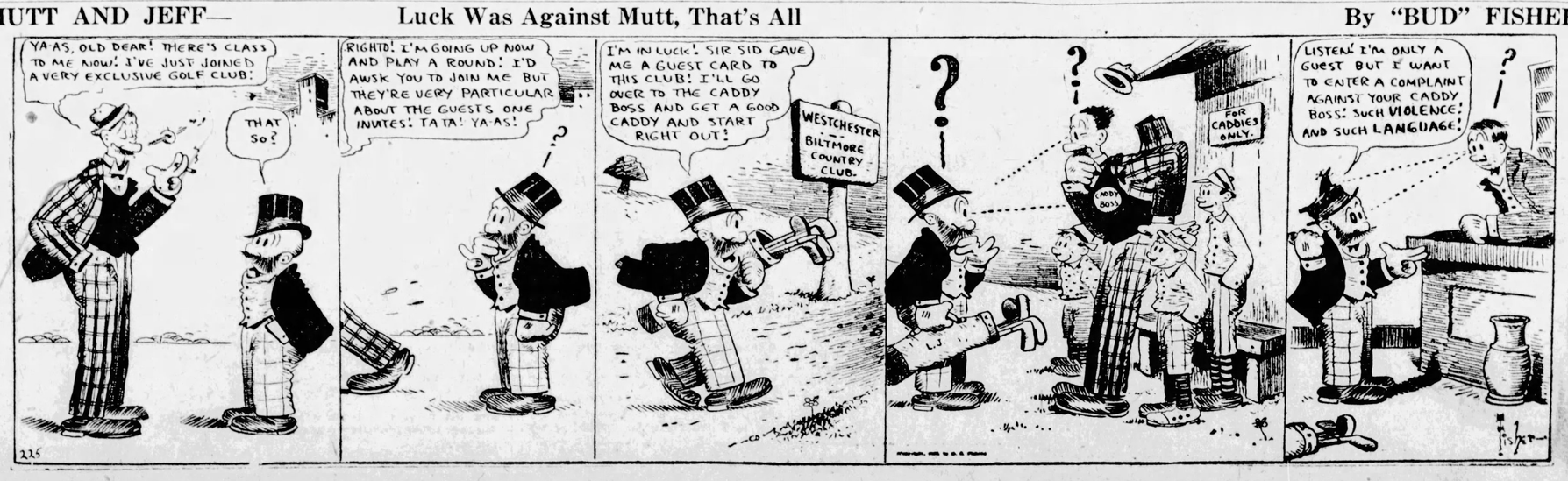
All the skin-beauty insurance any girl or woman needs will be found in Derma Lava. And you will find Derma Lava on sale at most any drug, department or general store—60c and $1. If your dealer does not supply you, send us only 60c, our special 15-day introductory non-profit price for a full-sized $1 jar. Only one application proves Derma Lava superior to any other beauty preparation in the world. Positively guaranteed. Avoid substitutes. Miller Chemical Co., Dept. 31, 208 Metairie Court Bldg., New Orleans, La.

—Advertisement.

MUTT AND JEFF— Luck Was Against Mutt, That's All — By "BUD" FISHER



BERLIN'S GOLD POURED OUT TO BOLSTER MARK

Germany Endeavoring to Attract Americans, but Continues Fleecing Foreign Tourists There.

The pawning of the Reichbank's gold reserve to raise funds to finance the mark's stabilization has been proceeding at a rate which sent cold shivers of apprehension down the backs of German business men and patriots when the news was officially confirmed by the Reichsbank's report.

The report showed that in the week ending April 23—in fact in the last few days of that week — the Reichsbank pawned 85,000,000 of its total holdings of 1,000,000,000 gold marks and threw the proceeds into the voracious jaws of the exchange speculators without being able to improve the mark a single point. Pressure against the mark is increasing steadily and bear speculators will be heartened by learning how fast the last reserves are going.

End Is Foreseen.

Hence it is easy to fix a maximum period of from two and a half to three months for the complete exhaustion of the Reichsbank's cherished gold reserve if the movement continues at its present rate, and the ministers have officially declared that the passive resistance in the Ruhr cannot continue for another fortnight unless the mark remains fairly stable.

Governmental revenues may improve in fact. April is expected to show a big improvement over the preceding months owing to new methods of collecting taxes—but the tax receipts in paper marks are useless for supporting the mark and unfortunately under the steadily increasing pressure of Premier Poincaré's Ruhr and Rhineland blockade, there is little possibility of increasing German exports which alone would be capable of producing the stores of foreign currency and drafts required to support the mark.

High Rate Imposed.

The Reichsbank has found a novel scheme for supporting the mark by subjecting foreign checks and drafts cashed in Germany to an eighteen per cent Reichsbank discount rate for the period of collection which, for American drafts, amounts to an interest imposition of one and one-fourth per cent over the cable rate. The American exchange rate is reduced by that per cent although Germany professes the greatest eagerness to acquire dollars.

Regarding covetously the great streams of American visitors arriving on every steamer with their pockets full of dollars but boycotting Germany on account of its passport and prices policies, the government and business organizations have united in broadcasting announcements that past errors have been corrected, the welcome sign is out for all worthy comers and measures have been taken to prevent the exploitation of foreign guests.

Statements Untrue.

Unfortunately, the statements are flatly untrue. Foreigners still are exploited to the limit in Germany and government authorities are taking the lead in the skinning process with their eighty per cent supplement to hotel rates which places Berlin hotels in a class above the corresponding prices in New York state. Museums, the opera, etc., charge Americans five or ten times the regular admissions. Heidelberg, for example, is soaking the American 10 times the ordinary admission to the old castle and other sights, and business men, hotel keepers and health resorts, etc., all revel in special prices for Americans and since the mark stabilization stabilized prices in general rather above than below the world level, their expenses are apt to be surprisingly high, except for railway fares and a few other minor exceptions.

It is not yet the time when an informed observer can advise trips to Germany for pleasure or cheapness.

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Sharon Potts, the Goose Crick Ferryman

The Latest Markets

Uncertainty which has characterized price movements on the New York Stock Exchange for nearly two months came to a spectacular finish last week, when values began crumbling in a manner suggesting a radical change of front on the part of speculators.

Wednesday saw the decline checked for a moment, but the downward course was resumed Thursday and continued Friday. Scores of stocks, including some of the best known industrials and rails, reached new low points for the year. Generally speaking all the improvement made since last Fall went by the board.

The inverted apex of the week's slump came at noon Friday with Stewart Warner putting a flourish to proceedings by registering a loss of 13½ points from the previous close.

Covering of a portion of the heavy short commitments, and the appearance on the floor of "bargain hunters," who picked up standard stocks at big recessions, caused a steadying influence thereafter.

It is not difficult to find reasons for anything after it has occurred. There were some bearish factors developed during the week and bullish influences were disregarded as they have been consistently for two months. But taken as a whole, the decline came without any portentious period of warning, and left the rank and file groping for whys and wherefores.

Another cut in oil prices tended to disturb the longs, especially those who apparently believe the entire industrial fabric of the universe is founded on the price of crude oil and gasoline.

Steel mills report orders for future delivery less numerous and urgent. United States Steel common fell to the lowest for the year, but the indisputable fact is that these orders for steel are still in excess of the capacity of the nation's plants.

The sugar muddle was brought a little further into the limelight. Talks of boycotts and the drop in sugar prices were followed by strenuous slashings of quotations of the securities.

It may be said that the commodity declines had quite a little to do with adding to the bearish feeling once it gathered momentum. Cotton quotations declined to the lowest since Jan. 10.

One popular reason for the trend of prices on the stock exchange seems to be that the inside circles, after trying to force prices higher and obtaining no result save two months of stagnation, reversed their tactics and played for a decline, on the theory that action of some sort would bring more business than the lassitude of March and April.

The fact that car loadings on American railroads made another remarkable showing, coincident with the decline of many rail issues to the lowest of the year, was a vivid reminder of how little attention is being paid to news of basic prosperity.

Grain

Toledo—Wheat, cash, $1.33. Corn, cash, 87c. Oats, cash, 50½c. Barley, cash, 72c. Rye, No. 2, cash, 78½c. Clover seed, cash, $11.45; Oct., $12.07. Alsike, cash, $10.50. Timothy, cash, $3.30; May, $3.30; Oct., $3.50.

Chicago — Wheat, May, $1.18; July, $1.17¼; Sept., $1.15½. Corn, May, 78c; July, 78⅝c; Sept., 78c. Oats, May, 43½c; July, 44c; Sept., 43c. Rye, May, 78½c; July, 80⅜c.

Produce

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 45c; solid pack, 45c; nut margarine, 24@24½c.

Cheese—Fancy brick, 24@24½c; Michigan, 25½c; York state, 30c; longhorn, 25@26c.

Eggs—Candled, 28c; selects, 32c.

Bacon — Fat, 13c; lean, 27c; wide, 3 to 8 lbs., 25c; 9 to 10 lbs., 20c; 11 to 12 lbs., 16c; 13 to 15 lbs., 14c. Lard — 12c. Hams — 23c. Sausage—Fresh pork, 15c; luncheon, 18c.

Live Poultry — Ducks, 26@30c; geese, 15@20c; turkeys, 30@35c; hens, 28@50c; Leghorn broilers, 25@28c; broilers, 28@30c; old roosters and stags, 15@18c; light hens, 25@28c.

Hides—No. 1, 9c; No. 2, 8c; bull, 7c; green calf, No. 1, 13c; No. 2, 11½c; kip, 11c; No. 2 kip, 9½c; cured hides, No. 1, 11c; No. 2, 10c; horse hides, $3.50.

Cleveland—Butter, extra in tub lots, 45@45½c; extra firsts, 44@46c; firsts, 43@45c; standard, 43@45c; 1-lb. prints, all grades, one cent a pound higher; packing stock, 30@35c. Eggs—Fresh gathered northern extras, 31c; extra firsts, 30c; Ohio firsts, 27½c; western firsts, 27c. Oleomargarine—Prices to retailers: Nut oleo, 20c; high grade, made of animal oil, 25@25½c; lower grades, 16@17c. Cheese—Old York state, 28@30c; new, 25@26c; brick, 25@26c; fancy Swiss, 37¾@40c; limburger, 26@27c. Poultry—Live fowls, medium, 27c; fancy fat fowls, 28@29c; roosters, 17@18c; light fowls and Leghorns, 23@25c; Spring broilers, 1½ to 3 pounds, 45@55c. Sweet Potatoes — Delaware yellow variety, No. 1, $1.15@1.25 a hamper; Georgia 5-peck crates, $1.50; Tennessee Nancy Halls, $1.25 bushel. Potatoes—Michigan, $2.00@2.15 a 150-pound sack; in New York, $2.25 a 150-pound sack; Early Ohio, 120-pound sack, $2.00@2.25; Idaho baking, $2.00@2.50 a hundred weight; Texas and Florida Hastings, new stock, $7.50@7.75 a barrel; double barreled Spaulding Rose, No. 1, $7.75; No. 2 stock, $5.00@6.00 a barrel.

Chicago—Potatoes, dull; receipts, 139 cars; total United States shipments, 555; Wisconsin sacked and bulk round whites, 110 cwt.; North Dakota sacked whites 110 cwt; no other old sales; new stock slightly weaker; Florida barrel, Spaulding Rose, No. 1, $8.75@9.00; No. 2, $6.00 a 150-pound sack; No. 2, $3.00; No. 3, $2.00. Poultry, alive, higher; fowls, 24c; broilers, 45@50c; roosters, 13½c. Butter, higher; creamery extras, 42c; standards, 41½c; extra firsts, 41@41½c; firsts, 39½@40c; seconds, 38@39c. Eggs, unchanged; receipts, 49,668 cases; firsts, 26@26½c; ordinary firsts, 25½@24c; miscellaneous, 25@25½c; storage pack extras, 28¼@28½c; storage pack firsts, 27¾@28c.

New York—Butter firm; receipts, 13,233; creamery higher than extras, 43½@44¼c; creamery extras (92 score), 43@43¾; creamery firsts (88 to 91 score), 42½@43c. Eggs, steady; receipts, 33,318. Cheese, steady; receipts, 189,197 pounds.

Live Stock

Cleveland — Hogs — Receipts, 6,500; heavies, $8.00; yorkers, $8.40; pigs, $7.25. Cattle, $9.00. Calves, $10.50. Lambs, $12.50.

Pittsburgh—Cattle— Receipts, 1,500; steady; steers, $9.25@10.00; heifers, $7.50@8.25; cows, $5.00@6.50. Hogs—Receipts, 9,000; lower; heavies, $8.15@8.25; heavy yorkers, $8.60@8.75; light yorkers, $7.75@8.25; pigs, $7.00@7.25. Sheep and lambs — Receipts, 3,000; steady; clipped sheep, $8.00; clipped lambs, $13.25. Calves—Receipts, 1,800; lower; top, $10.50.

East Buffelo — Cattle—Receipts, 2,150; 10 to 25c higher; shipping steers, $8.50@9.50; butchers, $7.50@8.75; yearlings, $9.00@9.50; heifers, $6.50@8.50; cows, $2.25@7.00; bulls, $3.50@6.00; fresh cows and springers, $40@115. Calves—Receipts, 8,500; steady, $4.00@10.50. Hogs—Receipts, 17,600; pigs 25c lower; others, 5 to 10c lower; heavy, $8.25@8.85; mixed, $6.50@7.50; yorkers, $8.75; light yorkers, $7.75@8.75; pigs, $7.50; roughs, $6.95; stags, $4.00@5.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 12,000; clipped lambs, 25c higher; clipped lambs, $6.00@13.50; yearlings, $8.00@11.00; wethers, $9.00@9.25; ewes, $2.00@8.00; mixed sheep, $8.00@8.50.

Indianapolis—Hogs—Receipts, 6,000; 15@20c lower; heavies, $8.15@8.20; lights, $8.20@8.25; top, $8.30, pigs, $6.00@7.50. Cattle—Receipts, 1,100; steers and heifers, steady; cows, lower; steers, $7.50@9.50; beef cows, $5.00@7.50. Calves—Receipts, 700; lower; veals, $7.00@10.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 150; lower; sheep, $4.00@8.00; lambs, $10.00@15.00.

East St. Louis—(U. S. Department of Agriculture)—Cattle — Receipts, 300; compared with week ago, steers steady to strong; light yearlings, 25c higher; other classes steady with light vealers $1.00 higher; tops for week: Steers, $10.00; yearlings, $9.35; bulks for week: Steers, $7.25@9.10; yearlings, $7.85@8.85; cows, $6.75@6.90; canners, $2.50@2.75; bologna bulls, $5.00@5.50. Hogs — Receipts, 5,000; light hogs, active, mostly 5c to 10c higher; medium weight and heavy hogs, pigs and packer sows steady; top, $8.35 for one load; bulk, 140 to 200-pound averages, $8.25@8.30; 200 to 250 pounds, $8.10@8.25; 250 pounds and up, $8.00@8.15; desirable 100 to 130-pound pigs, $7.00@7.75, packer sows, $6.25@6.35. Sheep—Receipts, 150 for week; lambs, 50c to $1.00 higher; most advance on lightweight stock; fat sheep strong to 50c higher; tops for week, clipped lambs, $13.00; springs, $16.50; wool ewes, $9.00; clipped ewes, $8.00; clipped wethers, $8.00; bulks follow: Clipped lambs, $12.25@12.90; springers, $15.00@16.50; clipped ewes, $7.50@8.50.

Chicago—(U. S. Department of Agriculture)—Hogs — Receipts, 64,000; slow; uneven; 10c to 25c lower; mostly 15c to 20c lower; bulk 160 to 225-pound averages, $8.00@8.15; top, 8.15; 240 to 325-pound butchers, $6.75@7.95; packing sows, $6.40@6.65; desirable 110 to 130-pound pigs, $6.75@7.25; heavyweight hogs, $7.40@8.00; medium, $7.75@8.15; light, $7.70@8.15; light light, $7.00@8.05; packing sows, smooth, $6.65@7.00; packing sows, rough, $6.00@6.75; killing pigs, $6.00@7.50. Cattle—Receipts, 19,000; steady, active; beef steers; stockers and feeders, strong to 10c higher; beef steers mostly 10c to 15c up; in between grades showing most advance; early top, $10.25; some held higher; bulk, $8.50@9.65; she stock, strong to 25c higher; better grades up most; 55 head best heifers averaging 795 pounds, $8.85; bidding lower on veal calves; other classes about steady; bulk desirable bologna bulls, $5.15@5.25; few heavies, $5.35; packers bidding $7.50@8.00 on vealers; bulk stockers and feeders, $7.00@8.00; few loads fancy half fat selected kinds to feeder to dealers, $9.25@9.50. Sheep—Receipts, 19,000; generally steady to strong; few early sales 87-lb. clipped lambs, $12.85; plain native wooled lambs, $14.40; best wooled lambs unsold; good and choice 110 to 120-pound clipped ewes, $8.00.

GASES CHECK T. B. AND FLU

Lesson Learned on Battle Fields Prove to Be Benefit to Mankind.

Respiratory diseases, notably tuberculosis and influenza, have been checked and the possibility of their cure has apparently been demonstrated by the moderate use of poison gases developed during the war, say experts of the chemical warfare service. Even paresis has yielded to some extent to such treatment.

Dr. A. S. Loevenhart of the University of Wisconsin has just returned to Madison after conducting several successful experiments in connection with such cases at the Edgewood arsenal. Medical experiments with the war gases have been conducted by others also and have been commented upon in professional publications. They have shown that a small amount of chlorine mixed with air has checked quickly epidemics of grip, influenza and colds and has been effective even with pneumonia, while mustard gas has been of high value in combatting tuberculosis.

Recent experiments with lewisite in cases of paresis by Dr. Lovenhart resulted in 21 of a group of 42 being discharged as cured after passing rigid physical examinations. The beneficial results of these small amounts of gases was noted during the war by Lieutenant Colonel H. L. Gilchrist, now chief of the medical division of the chemical warfare service, who observed the absence of respiratory epidemics such as grip among the front line troops whereas troops in Brest and other camps distant from the front line suffered heavily.

Has Tuberculosis Cure.

A cure for pulmonary tuberculosis by the use of pure carbon and calcium was announced by Dr. William P. Nolan of Jeanette, Pa., in an address before the Westmoreland county medical society in Greensburg, Pa.

Dr. Nolan, discussing his statement over the telephone from his home in Jeanette said that the cure was possible through the "inhalation of practically pure carbon in amorphous form, and calcium in the form of carbonate, phosphate, chloride and lactate."

Seventy-two cases, mostly far advanced, he said, had responded to the treatment so we l that they could be pronounced cured, and at present he was treating five patients in th; same manner.

Dr. Nolan, who served at Base Hospital No. 65, in Brest, during the war, said he had been investigating the subject for almost 10 years and had been assisted in reaching his conclusions by Dr. Oskar Klotz of the Rockefeller foundation.

"I don't want to be too optimistic," said Dr. Nolan, "but I feel that the situation relating to tuberculosis is such that we must do something for the patient other than give him good food and fresh air."

Presidential Boom for N. J. Governor

A presidential boom for Governor George S. Silzer of New Jersey, was announced last week at the annual Jefferson day dinner of the National Democratic club.

Thomas E. Bush, former collector of the port of New York, and president of the club, started the ball rolling when he introduced the New Jersey executive who was the principal speaker at the dinner.

Gov. Silzer in his speech attacked President Harding and the Republican party for what he termed failure to carry out campaign pledges.

Dangerous Jobs Listed

Among the occupations labelled "dangerous" in an official report from London are costermongers, hawkers, tin miners and file makers. Clergymen, gardeners and tallow, soap and glue makers are the most healthy occupations.

COAL STORAGE IS URGED TO REDUCE PRICE

Bureau of Mines Says Plan Will Benefit Public and Producers.

General adoption by consumers of the practice of storing coal, the bureau of mines suggests may result in the elemination of shortage, high prices and labor disturbances unsatisfactory to both the public and the industry itself.

Practical methods of storing have been worked out as a result of investigations which the government has conducted lately in co-operation with the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Joseph D. Davis, fuel chemist for the bureau, and John F. Byrne, of the research staff of the institute, have found that the dangers of spontaneous combustion and deterioration can to a considerable degree be avoided by proper methods in handling the product.

Coal should be screened and the fine stuff eliminated, the bureau experts say, before any storage is attempted. Likewise two or more different kinds of bituminous coal should not be mixed in storage, as this increases the danger of fire. The less volatile types of eastern mined coal can be stored with advantage and safety by consumers if they will observe the necessary precautions.

Debt Agreement Made With Finland

The debt funding agreement with the government of Finland was formally executed last week, and, pending ratification by congress, becomes tentatively operative. The settlement is the first negotiated with foreign nations which borrowed money from the United States in the way to be placed in actual effect.

The agreement was signed by Secretary Mellon, as chairman of the American debt commission, and by Axel Astrom, the minister of Finland. The minister handed Secretary Mellon a check for $9,132, adjusting the debt to an even $9,000,000 on which the agreement was calculated.

Payments under the agreement will begin June 15.

Expert God-Father Quits Church Job

After 33 years' service, a verger of Isleworth parish church in London has retired. He has attended 1,117 weddings and has been godfather to 2,000 babies. Absent-minded bridegrooms who forgot the wedding ring have on occasions been provided with his church door key as a substitute.

7 LIVES LOST ON FRAIL SHIP

Waves Shatter Craft Made in Rush; Woman Is Tired of Sea.

The incident of the sinking of the steamer Seaconnet in Vineyard sound with the probable loss of seven lives became known with the arrival of 23 survivors of the crew.

The Seaconnet, a collier, put together in record time under the name Tuckahoe, in the rush of war construction in 1918, opened her seams while being pounded by the seas. The crew, directed by Captain Daniel J. Miller, Jr., manned the pumps or stoked the fires that operated others, working up to their waists in water, for three hours, until the steamer rolled over on her port side. Then, just before she lurched and sank, they abandoned her under the skipper's orders.

Woman Escapes.

Seven, including Mrs. Romi J. Hudgins, wife of the third mate, cleared the steamer's side in a lifeboat and got away safely but the woman later had to bail with the men to keep the boat clear.

Twenty-two others were thrown or jumped into the water while the steamer was partly submerged. Fifteen managed to scramble to a lifeboat, which although jammed in an attempt to launch it from the steamer's docks, was cleared after the Seaconnet sank, or to the wreckage from which they were hauled aboard.

Seven others, among them Quartermaster John Santiago, who held the bridge with Captain Miller until ordered to jump for his life, were lost sight of by the others and are believed to have gone down with the suction.

Through With Sea.

The lifeboats drifted to the Vineyard sound lightship and the survivors were brought from there to New Bedford, Mass., in a tender. Mrs. Hudgins, described by other survivors as a "brick," kept her head throughout, although she was in danger of being crushed to death when, while being hauled aboard the lightship, a sea pinned her between the boat and the ship bruising her severely. But she smiled and said she was all right and helped others until when, at the moment of the rescue by the lighthouse tender Anemone, she slid down a rope from the lightship and became unconscious. She has gone to sea for the first and for the last time, she said, when she recovered.

Chinese cultivate valley lands and leave the hills unoccupied and unused, because the latter are more open to attack by bandits.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

FOR READERS OF THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Go over them each week and write to advertisers whose propositions interest you. Say you saw the ad in THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE.

Over One Million Persons See These Little Ads Every Week

CHARGE FOR SPACE—75 cents per agate line. Send cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines nor more than forty-two lines. Advertisements that reach us Tuesday morning will appear in issue of that week.

Only Reliable Advertisements Printed

MALE HELP WANTED

START a profitable home business. Make $40 to $75 weekly. Wolverine plans show you how. 20 Plans FREE for stamp. Wolverine Bureau K, Muskegon, Mich.

Be a Detective; excellent opportunity; good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 205 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

AGENTS

AGENTS—$75-$100 weekly taking orders for popular price-smashing raincoats, $3.98. Largest commission advanced. Prompt shipment. We collect. Free coats. Eagle Raincoat Co., 513 Mid-City Bank Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS—Make a dollar an hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 710-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED

TAILORING SALESMEN—Fastest selling line, suits, made to measure, $29.50, one price, all wool. Profits in advance. Biggest old reliable house. W. D. Smith Co., established 1895. Dept. 27, Chicago, Ill.

TOBACCO

KENTUCKY Natural Leaf Tobacco. Chewing, 5 lbs., $1.75; 10 lbs., $3. Smoking, 5 lbs., $1.25; 10 lbs., $2. Pay when received. Farmers' Co-Operative Tobacco Union, Paducah, Ky.

PERSONAL

SIXTH and SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES, Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star Book Co., 12 Camden, N. J.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY.

WANT to hear from owner having garage or hardware for sale. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES.

Underground Treasures—How and where to find them; particulars 2c. Dept. 1, Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS

Patents—Booklet free. Highest references; best results; promptness assured. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F st., Washington, D. C.

POEMS, MANUSCRIPTS WANTED.

WRITERS—ATTENTION! Stories, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit manuscripts or write Literary Bureau, 114 Hannibal, Mo.

REAL ESTATE

WANT to hear from owner improved or unimproved farm. Description, price. J. W. Leaderbrand, B-50, Cimarron, Kans.

MISCELLANEOUS FARMS FOR SALE

$400 Secures Equipped Farm 55 Acres Near Station

Excellent advantages, pleasant healthful surroundings, good living conditions; nicely adapted to fruit and general farming; handy markets; spring watered pasture, valuable woodlot; comfortable 2-story 7-room house, barn, poultry house. To settle affairs only $800, horse, cow, young stock, poultry, vehicles, tools, implements included if taken now. Half cash. Details page 152 Illus. Catalog Bargains—many states. Copy free. STROUT FARM AGENCY, 150S Nassau st., New York City.

WEEK IN BASEBALL

The Browns and White Sox, unsteady in the opening series of the major league's season, shook themselves into form last week and appear, alongside Detroit and Cleveland, well prepared for the first invasion of the West by Eastern teams beginning this week. In the National league the Giants, consistent in all departments, maintained their stride and climbed to a substantial lead in the league race.

The Cubs, whose earlier games saw a great amount of heavy hitting, slumped a bit, Pittsburgh held to an even keel, while the Brakes, in hitting mood, joined the gathering of dangerous clubs. The Phillies, Reds and Robins continued on the losing side. The Phillies hit heavily, but had poor hurling. Brooklyn and Cincinnati were on the short side of close scoring, their errors being costly.

Washington had a poor week, due to pitching weakness. The Yankees nosed into first place Saturday and held it Sunday, while both Cleveland and Detroit were losing. The Athletics took the last game of the series from the Yanks Sunday, marking the first series they have won in several seasons from the New Yorkers.

Cleveland's hitting power diminished. Detroit broke even in the week's games, including the defeat of Sunday. The Athletics and White Sox had the best week of any team in the American.

Wife Before Mother, Judge Tells Husband

"Your wife comes before your mother," Judge Summerfield of Los Angeles, told Harry E. Shaffer recently when he was cited for failure to pay $12 weekly to Ethel Schaffer, his divorced wife, and gave the excuse that he had his mother to support.

"I haven't the money; I only got a position recently," Shaffer said when asked about the payments he had failed to make since last October.

One of the Four Hundred

By Eleanor Black

MRS. Daniel Blake's spirits were at a very low ebb one day when her husband found her crying and asked what troubled her.

"I can't see why you are not contented," he said. "When we lived down on the farm, you used to sing all the time, and now that you have a luxurious home, a French maid, and money to burn, I seldom see a smile on your face. What's the trouble, dear?"

Irene snuggled up to her big kindly husband, sighed and said: "Dan, it is because of that haughty Mrs. Blueblood, she is so proud and exclusive. She looks down on me, money doesn't count, it's family."

"Yes it does. Money talks every time. So that's what's troubling you, Mrs. Blueblood putting on airs to Dan Blake's wife! I'll soon settle her. Why only yesterday old Blueblood begged me to renew the mortgage I hold on his home. I intended to refuse, but now it's up to him to have his wife invite you to dinner."

"Oh, Dan, you are a dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Blake.

There was a stormy time for poor Mr. Blueblood, his proud wife declared she would not call on Mrs. Blake, who was a nobody, but when it came to losing her home, she gave in, and called and invited Mr. and Mrs. Blake to dine where they met members of the Four Hundred and were graciously received.

To celebrate her victory, Mrs. Blake resolved to give a ball which would outshine any other. Elaborate preparations were being made, invitations out, when Mrs. Blake awoke one morning with such pain in her back that she could scarcely move. Her maid assisted her to a chaise longue and her husband was going to call a physician, when he exclaimed: "Don't you remember when I had just such an attack of lumbago down on the farm and our neighbor, Mrs. Brown, cured me with Dr. Pierce's An-uric? It is a wonderful medicine, flushes out the kidneys, I have never felt the least pain in my back since. Don't worry about your party, you will be well in a day or two."

Mrs. Blake took An-uric, the pain soon left her. She wore a beautiful new gown at her ball, which was a great success, and where Mrs. Blueblood received with her, and henceforth she was known as one of the Four Hundred.

Norwalk, Ohio—"I have tried most all kinds of medicines but got no relief till I took Dr. Pierce's Anuric (kidney and backache) Tablets. I had been sick with kidney trouble for ten years. My back was so bad that I could scarcely walk and my ankles were so swollen that I could not lace my shoes. I have taken the tablets for three months and now the swelling is gone and I can do all my hard work myself, and I know if other poor sufferers will use these tablets right, they will get well. For me, I cannot say too much for them, for the good they have done me."—Mrs. Al. Stevens, 1 Harkness St.

Since "An-uric" anti-uric-acid) was discovered by Dr. Pierce, thousands have been benefited. An-uric is sold by most druggists, send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.

Baldness and Falling Hair CURED BY GLANDS!

Easy Now for Any Bald Person to Have a Full Luxuriant Head of Hair in a Short Time

Baldness is now generally ascribed to defective functioning of certain endocrine glands. Full hair growth is dependent upon the secretions of these glands—these secretions making possible the assimilation of those elements in the blood which are so vital to the growth of hair. Now through the discovery of E. R. Alexander, nationally known scientist, any bald man or woman may restore their full growth of hair in a very short time. Dr. Alexander, through the administration of certain gland concentrates, can supply this deficiency and stimulate the dormant hair glands and follicles to action.

The first sign of baldness and the time to start treatment.

Baldness very advanced and treatment should not be delayed.

Used in the Privacy of Your Own Home

This amazing discovery, which is now in use by thousands all over the United States and Canada, can be easily used in the privacy of your own home. A few minutes each day is all that is necessary and within three weeks you will begin to notice the new hair coming in and with this new growth you quickly restore your hair to its former vigor and color.

The GLANDA-HAIR Treatment is not to be confused with lotions and tonics so widely used today. It is a scientific treatment and is designed to revitalize and GROW new hair. It restores the smoothness and gives a wonderful lustre and color to the hair.

This treatment acts directly on the hair gland, stimulating it to activity and causing the quick assimilation of the elements which form the hair. Thus hair growth is quickly induced and baldness disappears.

So remarkable have been the results among thousands of satisfied users that this famous treatment is

A Growing Hair

Here is shown roughly what happens in the growth of a new hair. The new hair can be seen starting pushing out the old hair. In cases of baldness this old hair is not replaced and falls out, leaving the scalp bare. Often the papilla is alive, but if the hair gland does not function the food supply is cut off and there is not material on hand for a new hair. The Glanda Hair treatment acts directly on this gland.

Baldness is a Handicap

If you are bald, you are not looking your best and whether you are completely bald or only slightly so, people notice it. It is a sign of age that handicaps you in a business and a social way. You may have a good complexion and handsome features, but if your hair is thin and lifeless, you are classed as "homely"—you are never at your best.

Why suffer this humiliation, when you can have a full, luxuriant growth of hair through this scientific treatment? You need not envy those people who, though older than you, look younger, and consequently get more out of life.

The GLANDA-HAIR Treatment as used by thousands of people all over the country is simple and can be used in the privacy of your own home. You need take no one into your confidence if you do not wish and soon you will find your baldness disappearing—a revelation to your friends.

The gland treatment for hair has been successfully used on men of 70 years of age, and while those are the exceptional cases, it is an indication of what can be accomplished in the case of people under 45.

Cut out and mail the coupon today and start this wonderful treatment on the absolute guarantee of your money back if not entirely satisfied—and you are the sole judge.

Beautiful hair means more now than ever before to the woman who is particular about her appearance. With this amazing treatment you should find it easy to make your hair thick, with a wonderful silky sheen and texture—a crowning glory for the woman of refinement.

SENT ON 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

So confident am I that the Glanda-Hair treatment will restore the growth of your hair in thirty days that I offer to send a full size $4.00 treatment on thirty days FREE TRIAL for only $2. Use it according to directions and if at the end of thirty days you do not find your hair returning with all its old-time vigor and brilliance, the treatment does not cost a cent. If for any reason at all you are not satisfied, just let me know and I will refund your money without question. A big Kansas City bank says I am reliable and holds $1,000.00 cash as a guarantee to return your money if you wish. Write me today—don't send any money—and give my wonderful treatment a chance. Don't suffer the embarrassment of baldness when the way is open for quick relief.

E. R. ALEXANDER, Pres., ALEXANDER LABORATORIES,
2006 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo., and Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Send No Money—Mail This Today
Alexander Laboratories,
2006 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

Send me your full size thirty day GLANDA-HAIR treatment on your special offer. If I am not more than satisfied it costs me nothing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

What a Difference Hair Makes!

If you are bald prematurely, think how this increases your age in appearance—and even if youthful in spirits baldness stamps you as "OLD." Note the men in this picture at the left—which would you rather be?

You need not be bald and suffer the embarrassment of thin, ugly hair. With a full, luxuriant head of hair you can improve your appearance one hundred per cent.

Read these letters, selected at random from our file—they tell better than anything we could say what this treatment is doing for men and women all over the United States and Canada.

A physician says: "In many years of practice this is the first time I have ever seen a treatment for baldness that is scientific. I can recommend it to my patients."

After using your treatment for three weeks, I must report favorable results. Hair is growing on the bald parts of my head and looks fine.
BERT WOOD.

I have used this treatment 24 days and hair is coming out on the top of my head where I was bald. I can readily see that your treatment is going to do the work. My hair does not fall out any more, and my scalp does not itch.
JOHN SHAEFFER.

My hair is much better now in every way. It was very dull and had no color, but now it shines and looks fine. It does not fall out any at all.
SALLY IVASEY.

My hair looks like it had more life and the itching and falling hair has entirely stopped. There is absolutely no sign of dandruff now, and my scalp is pink and healthy. This is the best thing I have ever tried to grow hair.
J. R. TALLMAN.

My hair has started and seems to be growing very nicely, although I have used your treatment for only three weeks. I think it is fine.
ALONZO COOK.

Your Glands Wear Out!

If You Could Prevent the Wear and Tear on Your Glands Caused by Sickness, Age, Disease, etc., You Would Look and Feel as Young at 70 as at 25. Science However Has Solved the Secrets of the Glands and Now for the First Time Shows You the True Way to *Keep* or *Regain* Your Vigor by Feeding and Replenishing the Most Important Glands!

50,000 Demonstration Treatments Sent Absolutely FREE!

You Will Receive One if You Send the Coupon.

You Will Throw Away Your "Tonics" and Your Alcoholic "Medicines" Once You Try This Greatest of All Health Builders.

The Lewis Gland Treatment is absolutely original in every particular and nothing like it has ever been known in medical science.

This Combination Method is far ahead of any "Medicine"—"Tonic"—or stimulant ever used in the past. In one week's time it will accomplish more in the cases for which it is intended than a year's doctoring with any other form of treatment or drugs known.

First you must realize that this most modern method of administering **Actual Gland Substance** is so entirely new that it can not yet be purchased in drug stores. Every treatment is sent direct to the person for whom it is intended.

And in order to introduce the Lewis Method quickly, we are prepared to send 50,000 Demonstration Treatments entirely FREE without one penny of expense now or ever to those who will send for them.

We know that everyone who gives this Gland Rejuvenator a trial will be a living, walking testimony for every claim we are making and that it is destined to replace all the old-fashioned drugs usually prescribed for weakness and lack of vigor.

Build Up Your Glands and You Build Up Your Strength and Endurance

The "Lewis" Treatment Is Practically Never Failing

So surely will this Method of Treating Glandular Insufficiency bring back your strength and renew your interest in life, that we can claim very truthfully that we are offering you your choice between Happiness and Health or Despondency and Debilitation.

If you have tried many other forms of medical treatment without relief and have despaired of finding anything helpful, then you are the very one above all others to whom we will most gladly send one of our Demonstration Treatments. All you are asked to do is to Test this new Method in your home and at our expense. Surely you will not permit any doubt or prejudice to stand in your way when such a liberal offer as this is made you.

Remarkable Letters Come to Us Daily. Here Is a Sample. Read It.

Lewis Laboratories,
Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:

Believing I owe you a testimonial, I will tell you and to the world that I consider your new gland systematic treatment the greatest remedy of modern times. I have doctored for years without any relief and when you read of my story you will understand why I am so grateful to you. I used to be an actor in the Minstrel Show business and did lots of rough and tumble work. Years ago from overexertion I lost my manly vigor, my legs and feet gave way and a kind of paralysis set in on my left side. For years I had to drag my left leg and always wore the toes of my shoe soles off. Was numb across the small of my back, couldn't get up or down stairs. In fact I was a wreck every way. I tried everything without any help. I tried your gland treatment as a last resort. After three weeks' treatment I found I could sit down and raise my feet in the air. Before I couldn't raise my foot six inches from the floor. After five weeks the paralysis disappeared. I could walk or run as any man, my vigor has returned and I feel twenty-five years younger. And everybody says I look it too. I honestly believe your gland treatment should be brought to the notice of everybody who has lost his health and pep and suffers as I did. I know it will help them for everything I have tried failed to help me, and everybody I have recommended to try your gland treatment says the same. I am a Moose here, member L. O. O. M. number 17, Moose Legion No. 27 and my lodge brothers will sign their names to any statement I make.

Yours truly,
John Robert Andress,
908 East Georgia St., Indianapolis, Ind.

A Special Combination Treatment for Women

You will notice in the coupon that we ask whether the treatment is intended for male or female.

This is necessary because the two treatments are absolutely different as to formula. The female treatment contains Lutein and is particularly recommended for the ailments to which women are most commonly subject. Any Physician will testify as to the wonderful value of Lutein for women's troubles and will also understand that this substance would be of no benefit if administered in a treatment for men. We mention this one point of difference to emphasize the fact that the Lewis Treatment for Women is especially prepared for that sex.

Here Is the Expereince of One Michigan Woman

Lewis Laboratories,
Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:

Enclosed you will find money order for which please rush my next treatment, as I am nearly out of my last supply. Your treatment for the rebuilding of the glands is a most wonderful discovery, and words cannot express my gratitude to you for what the treatment has done for me.

Nine years ago I went to the hospital here to have a fibroid tumor removed, and on the operating table several other organs were also removed. Since then my life has been miserable. I suffered so much that I would have committed suicide, were it not for my two sons. I tried everything without any relief, and the agony was awful. I was advised to try your new gland treatment and I have thanked my creator ever since. The first week I noticed a remarkable change, my head seemed clearer, my whole system felt lighter and I improved so rapidly, I had a new ambition instilled in me to live.

I am recovering so rapidly that I don't want to interrupt the treatment, so please rush this to me. I have recommended your gland treatment to so many people. I again want to thank you for what your treatment has done.

Yours for health,
Mrs. Fanny Griggs,
1208 Burton St., Flint, Mich.

What You May Expect This Treatment to Do for You

The Lewis Method will positively Rebuild and Replace worn and wasted gland tissue. It will increase vitality both physical and mental. It will renew strength, especially as to the functioning of the glands. It will increase your endurance and render you less liable to fatigue. It will improve your general health, and in most cases cause a marked improvement in your appearance. Your appetite will increase and you will almost surely gain in weight if you are at present in a "run-down" condition.

It is especially recommended to men for Prostatic troubles, Liver, Kidney and Bladder disorders and Rheumatism, both muscular and joint.

The instructions and suggestions that accompany the Demonstration Treatment will tell you about the Lewis Treatment in much greater detail than is possible in a general announcement.

Too Much Heavy Work Is the Cause of Many Breakdowns

Lewis Laboratories, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sirs:

Have just finished a month's treatment and must congratulate you on your wonderful discovery. It does not seem possible that you can restore young vigor and strength so quickly through so simple a treatment. Being an engineer of this building have considerable responsibility, and through overwork I was completely run down. I fell from a ladder some months ago, and the shock so unnerved me that I lost all my vigor and pep. A member recommended your treatment and it has certainly done wonders for me. My wife said a week ago that the change in me amazed her. The treatment put a youthful vigor in my blood, and I feel so much younger, it is unbelievable. My wife is now starting on your special treatment for women. Am talking of your treatment to all my friends and will be glad to write to anyone about this.

Gratefully yours, Mr. James Waindl,
1816 S. Ridgeway Ave., Chicago, Ill.

We Prove the Truth of Every Statement and Every Claim by Sending These Demonstration Treatments Absolutely FREE.

The Demonstration Treatment will prove to you beyond reasonable doubt that the Lewis Method of Gland Growth and Rejuvenation is the most wonderful treatment for the renewing of strength and vigor that has ever been conceived.

It is based entirely on the principle of Feeding Actual Gland Substance Direct to the Glands—thereby actually renewing and rejuvenating them.

This Method of giving new life to the glands is advocated and endorsed by the leading students of gland therapy throughout the world—including Dr. Arnold Lorand who is generally conceded to be the greatest living authority on this subject.

The actual Method of Treatment used by us is the result of exhaustive experiments covering several thousand cases, during the past two years.

Not a Mere "Medicine"

But a Genuine Systemic Restorative

This Gland Building Treatment is the greatest rebuilder of worn or wasted gland tissues that has ever before been prescribed.

It will act very much like a powerful force that reached down, picked you up when you were helpless and set you on your feet with the will and the power to be a man among men.

Only those who have had the privilege of testing this Method can have any real comprehension of its wonderful efficiency.

Send for your Demonstration Treatment NOW. Don't wait until it is too late and all the free treatments are gone. If you will follow your impulse and fill out the coupon and mail it before you let this paper get out of your hands you will be sure to receive your treatment within a few days. Then you will see and know, and will be in the happy position of being able to judge for yourself.

All our correspondence and all packages sent by us come to you in plain, sealed containers.

This Coupon

Entitles You to a Demonstration Treatment Entirely

FREE

Lewis Laboratories,
108 No. Dearborn St.,
Dept. 415, Chicago, Ill.

Please send to me at once one of your Demonstration Treatments for the Replacement by Renewal of Worn or Wasted Glands.

My age is———

This, to be sent me in plain wrapper and entirely without cost or obligation on my part. I wish treatment for (——Male
(Mark a cross before the one you wish.) (——Female

Note:—(If you wish, please enclose 10 cts., for postage and packing).

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

A Private, Personal, Home Treatment, Superior to Anything Ever Before Discovered. More Certain and Lasting Than Any Other Method of Gland Stimulation and Restoration